

THE LIVING AGE.

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GOLD STRIPES.

A Canadian Mother Speaks.

My Bert 'as just come 'ome again; 'e
walks a little lame,
But thank he Lord 'e's got 'is eyes, 'is
face is just the same;
I'm that glad the shrapnel miss'd it, I
could look at 'im all day,
Though I'd love 'im just as dearly if
the 'alf was shot away.
'E ain't so reg'lar 'andsome, and 'e
ain't so ugly too,
But just an average looker, the same
as me and you.
And there's not a prouder woman in
Alberta, I believe,
When I go out walkin' with 'im, with
the gold stripes on 'is sleeve.

There's one 'e says 'e got by bein' just a
bloomin' fool;
Fair mad 'e was that day the Boches
bombed an infant school.
There was cover for the takin', but 'e
couldn't stop to take it;
Through blood and tears 'e saw their
line, and knew 'e 'ad to break it.
The other times, 'e says, 'twas just 'is
duty that 'e done,
And, once, I know, the orficers they
thank'd 'im one by one.
So every day I thank the Lord for
what we do receive,
When I walk with Bert in khaki, with
the gold stripes on 'is sleeve.

*Florence A. Vicars.**The Westminster Gazette.*

A PRAYER.

Like thistledown before the wind,
Like butterflies above sweet flowers,
We drift with every breeze that blows,
We sip the honey of the rose;
We heed no shadows cast behind,
Life is a chain of sunny hours.
Lord, let Thy great, all-seeing Eyes
Look down on us and make us wise!

Like little barks upon a stream
That swells and surges to the sea,
We swirl with every current's chance,
Swept here and there by circumstance.

Without a beacon's guiding gleam,
What hope, what help, what helm have
we?

Lord, show us mercy in Thy might,
And steer our little boats aright!
Cecily Fryer.

The Bookman.

ON PATROL.

To —.

He went to sea on the long patrol,
Away to the East from the Corton
Shoal,
But now he's overdue.
He signaled me as he bore away
A flickering lamp through leaping spray,
And darkness then till judgment day,
"So long! Good luck to you!"

He's waiting out on the long patrol,
Till the names are called at the muster-
roll

Of seamen overdue.

Far above him, in wind and rain,
Another is on patrol again—
The gap is closed in the Naval Chain
Where all the links are new.

Over his head the seas are white,
And the wind is blowing a gale tonight,
As if the Storm-King knew,
And roared a ballad of sleet and snow
To the man that lies on the sand below,
A trumpet-song for the winds to blow
To seamen overdue.

Was it sudden or slow—the death that
came?

Roaring water or sheets of flame?

The end with none to view?

No man can tell us the way he died,
But over the clouds Valkyries ride
To open the gates and hold them wide
For seamen overdue.

But whether the end was swift or slow,
By the Hand of God, or a German blow,
My messmate overdue—

You went to Death—and the whisper
ran

As over the Gates the horns began
Splendor of God! We have found a man.

Goodbye! Good luck to you!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RIDDLE OF THE WAR.

Every ruler who has aspired to dominate the Continent of Europe has evolved, by pressure of military arms, a war-map suggestive of victory. Philip II of Spain became the dictator of the destinies of the nations of the Old and the New World in virtue of the victories achieved by his troops under Cortez, Pizarro, and Palma; his war-map was to be a monument for all time. Louis XIV was enabled to impose his will on his neighbors owing to the success which attended his armies over a long series of years; he possessed, as a thing of consuming pride, his war-map. Napoleon, in the opening years of last century, had practically the whole Continent at his feet; his war-map suggested to him that he was "Emperor of the West." Never before had the value of military power been so conspicuously exhibited as during the decade which separated Trafalgar from Waterloo. Whatever errors Napoleon might commit, it seemed as though Fate were ready to annul the consequences and assist him in placing Europe under his heel. He passed from conquest to conquest. He believed that he was remaking the map of Europe for all time. His readjustments had an appearance of permanence; he was encouraged to distribute thrones among his family and his suite. The old order was seemingly disappearing; where a nominee of Napoleon's did not reign was to be found some Royal vassal who, willing or unwilling, paid homage to the master of the *Grande Armée*. Who outside these islands believed at that stage of Napoleonic radiance that Europe was the witness of nothing more than a passing phase of reaction and that already unseen forces were at work which would bring to nothing the vast political structure, to the creation of

which Napoleon devoted his genius? Within a few years the *débâcle* came. The man who had been overlord of Europe became a prisoner on board a British battleship and thus passed to St. Helena, to live the remainder of his days not even master in the modest villa which provided him with shelter from the inclemencies of nature and the anger of man. He exhibited the imagination, genius, and the driving power of a devil and the restraining capacity of a statesman. He could gain victories on land and he could consolidate them, winning to his standard those whom he had conquered. And yet he failed.

In the present war, German arms have met with success on land; the enemy has his war-map. The Kaiser can point to military victories, the harvest of thirty years of persistent, extravagant, and purposeful preparation to assert Prussian domination over Europe. The Germans hold Belgium in slavery; the whole of Northern France is in their grip; unhappy Poland has once more experienced the horrors of invasion; Courland has been wrenched from the feeble hands of revolutionary Russia; the King and Government of Roumania have been evicted; Serbia and Montenegro have been overrun; Italy has been invaded. The German army, moving on interior lines, has lunged first in one direction and then in another, and everywhere, except on the West where the British army intervened, a large measure of success has been achieved. Three and a half years ago Germany unsheathed her sword and encouraged Austria-Hungary to throw away her scabbard. Later on Turkey threw in her lot with the Central Powers, and then Bulgaria, dominated by an ambitious ruler, gave her adherence to the Central

Alliance. Today, from the Baltic down through Europe to the Mediterranean and on through Asia-Minor almost to the waters of the Persian Gulf, Prussianism is supreme. The Berlin machine has not failed in the eyes of the German people; victory has succeeded victory in quick succession, but every success has been purchased at a higher price than Napoleon ever paid. And yet final success is still wanting!

It is of interest, in passing, to note the difference between the two pictures of war furnished by an examination of the characters of Napoleon and the German Kaiser. The former was a giant—a great ruler and administrator as well as a great soldier, possibly the greatest soldier of modern times. His contemporaries have left us a record of the thoughts which chased each other through his mind during his years of captivity. One day he took up one of the year-books of his reign. "It was a fine Empire," he mused: "I ruled eighty-three millions of human beings, more than half the population of Europe"; but he reflected that history would scarcely mention him because he was "overthrown." "Had I been able to maintain my dynasty, it had been different." The captive did not realize the deep mark, permanent and ineradicable, which he had left on the world's history. He saw only the ruin of his military dreams, and he was unconscious of the influence which his respect for law and his admiration for a settled Government was to exert for many years after he had passed away. Lord Rosebery has suggested an interesting line of thought:

What the last phase might have been, how his later life might have developed under other circumstances, is a topic for idle but not wholly unfruitful speculation. At some cold interval of reflection he might have

realized—what he knew with regard to others—that the war period in a man's life has its definite limits: he might have said "Enough!" and set himself to consolidate what he had won. Then that imperious but practical mind might have worked wonders of administration, have endeavored to fascinate subject races by good government in lieu of crushing and bleeding them, and have made France forget the Revolution in the enjoyment of material prosperity and pride of dominion: while he himself remained the overshadowing authority of the Continent.

Liberty in the Anglo-Saxon sense he would never have conceded, for he misunderstood and distrusted it; but he would have contented, by contrast, those Frenchmen who remembered the selfish oppressions of the old monarchy and the unspeakable horrors of the Revolution. Of the working classes he and his nephew after him were always mindful. Frenchmen, too, he had studied closely and understood thoroughly. Other nations, except perhaps the English, he had never troubled himself to understand, and them he understood least of all. Had he wisely put war away from him, and rested on the terror of his name, he might have dispensed with this knowledge, for the internal administration of his empire would have sufficed for his energies, when the keen edge of youth, restlessness and ambition had been removed.

The Kaiser is not a Napoleon, but a dilettante—a great amateur in all the various spheres of activity which he has invaded. He has never been master of himself, and for a decade or more he has doubted his mastery over his own people, fearing from month to month signs of a breaking away. He has been as insincere in his dealings with his subjects as he has been hypocritical in his relations with the rulers and peoples of other States. The "Willy-Nieky Correspondence" has revealed the workings of the mind of the man who thought to outmanœuvre

Fate by petty intrigue. The time will no doubt come when light will be shed on the Kaiser's relations with his own statesmen, and the German people will learn how he has schemed and plotted to keep them in bondage. The Kaiser has become the slave of his weaknesses. A man who professed his devotion to art, science, and the humanities, as an amateur soldier and statesman he has been driven to countenance one enormity after another in order to maintain the appearance of victory in the eyes of his subjects and to postpone the hour when the failure of his whole theory of life will be exposed to the eyes of the world. The German Emperor is a small and weak, if not mentally deranged, man, who, fascinated by the military successes of 1864, 1866, and 1870-1, dreamed that he could make himself master of Europe. He did not realize that he was building on sand and that his struggle to save himself and his house would, first, draw upon himself the enmity of all the civilized Powers of the world, and then undermine the footings on which his throne rests.

We have reached the end of the first chapter of this world-war. Germany confronts the world apparently victorious, but hated as no nation before was ever hated. She has thrown out her borders to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west; she has lately increased her hold on Russia and has penetrated the fertile plains of Italy. The war-map records the progress of the conquering Hun, and so far the Kaiser and his Ministers have been able to support the confidence of the German people. They have their war-map. Perplexed, they are today studying the riddle of the war, as Napoleon, and Louis XIV, and Philip II studied it. The Germans have convinced themselves that they have won, and they cannot understand how it is that they cannot stretch out

their hands to reap the harvest of victory. Professor Delbrück, in the October number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, remarked:

The consciousness of victory is unbroken, but the cheerful atmosphere in which consciousness of victory is accustomed to breathe is disturbed; it is disturbed not by the heavy sacrifices and sufferings which the war has brought upon us all, but by the dissension, with its mutual accusations and recriminations, as to how the war, which we have victoriously fought through, is now to be brought to an end, and as to the kind of peace at which we now have to aim. A deep cleavage is dividing our people, a cleavage which by no means corresponds with the old party antagonisms.

The position of Germany today is very much the same as that of France when Napoleon's star was in the ascendant; Europe was at his feet, and yet the fruits of victory were denied to him by some unseen and incalculable power, which neither he nor his Ministers nor his generals could comprehend. The armies tramped over Europe, everywhere imposing their will by the bayonet and the sword, and yet victory eluded their grasp; the final victory necessary to complete the tally of successes seemed always slowly receding. Napoleon found himself forced to race after this will-o'-the-wisp. It was first to have been overtaken by the troops massed at Boulogne for the invasion of this country; it was then to be grasped on Austrian battlefields, and Austerlitz seemed to offer promise of a final settlement; then delusive hope showed itself in other directions, ever drawing Napoleon's legions after it, and at length the invasion of Russia was to crown the Napoleonic dream.

There is a parallel between the events of the early years of last century and those which we are watching.

The Kaiser and his generals, like Napoleon and his generals, determined to overwhelm this country. Napoleon collected his finest troops at Boulogne, and month by month made preparations for crossing to our shores; the Germans selected as their first objective the taking of Paris and the seizure of the Channel ports as bases of action against this country. Defeated in this ambition by the Expeditionary Force of undying memory—thrown on the Continent by sea power—as Napoleon was defeated by the watch and ward by sea of Nelson and his companions, our enemy turned to other adventures to maintain the mirage of success before the eyes of the German people. The German troops have been tramping to and fro for three years and more, searching eagerly for the ultimate victory to re-establish the House of Hohenzollern, and make assured the position of the Kaiser as the dictator of the fortunes of Europe. But always the promise has been denied. Today the German people study the war-map, and are mystified because it offers no solution to the riddle. Why are they denied the results of the victories which they trace on the map? That is the riddle of the war, and it is not the enemy people only who are wondering what is the real significance of the war-map.

History suggests that the greatest successes are often achieved by armies when they have reached their climacteric. Such successes represent desperate struggles against forces which soldiers can neither control nor defeat. Under peace conditions, it is the soldiers' folly to speak of war in terms of military power only, though the Prussians thought to employ psychology in their interests—and created a world-wide organization to further their schemes. But psychological influence apart, the determining influ-

ences in all world struggles have been naval power and economic power. They are more active today than at any previous comparable crisis in the past. The reasons are not far to seek. Europe at the time of the last Great War consisted of a series of States, largely independent of each other for food, and largely independent also of sea-borne raw material for their industries. The standard of living was low, and the range of commodities regarded as necessary for life was small. But when this struggle broke out the conditions were far otherwise. All the nations, whether of the Old World or of the New, were bound together by a strong tie—the sense of commercial and financial dependence. For a hundred years maritime communications had been encouraged; great merchant fleets had been created; intricate commercial relationships had sprung up. In 1913, Germany's external trade amounted to £1,030,380,000 (imports £534,750,000, and exports £495,630,000); 75 per cent of that trade was done by sea. Germany did not import and export goods on that vast scale with any idea of benefiting those with whom she traded, but in order to live. She bought and she sold because, first, she needed some goods, and, secondly, she had a surplus of other goods with which to pay for them. Austria-Hungary also did an extensive maritime commerce.

It has been admitted by exponents of German militarism that in laying their war plans, they omitted to take sufficient count of the influence which the British Fleet would exert. The Fleet of the British people, in association with the fleets of the Allies, became a weapon of economic, financial, and military constriction. Within a few months of the outbreak of war, the German commercial flag, hitherto flown in all the world's seas by shipping, with an aggregate tonnage of 5,134,720.

was not to be seen. The smaller mercantile marine of Austria-Hungary, aggregating just over 1,000,000 tons, was also robbed of activity. That was the immediate effect of sea power, and then, gradually, as circumstances permitted, the blockade was established, and the principle of continuous voyage enforced. During a period of over twenty years, the pressure of sea power failed to bring the France of a century or so ago to submission, although in the middle of that period the Battle of Trafalgar was fought, annihilating, according to popular historians, the French and Spanish Fleets. Two years ago an observer of the course of this war declared that "the value of sea power has shrunk; its influence has been much less felt than in the Napoleonic wars." Does anyone believe seriously that Germany and her partners can stand the pressure of sea power for a period of over twenty years, as it was resisted a century or so ago? Sea power is more potent than it ever was.

The Germans are under no delusion. They realize the close association, never closer than today, between naval power on the one hand and economic power and military power on the other. In his enforced retreat in the Island of St. Helena, Napoleon entertained no misconception as to the influence which the British Fleet had exerted in bringing his ambitions to the dust. "Les Anglais bloquent tres bien," he declared, when he reviewed his past. What do the Germans say today? Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, Falkenhayn's Chief of the Staff in the early period of the present war, has remarked that "our enemies gradually perceived the true situation. The operations which they began only extracted little by little the full advantage of the world economic situation, which was favorable to them

and unfavorable to us." The political considerations which moulded our blockade policy in the early period of the war have already been explained.* The submarine campaign, with all its illegalities and inhumanities, is Germany's desperate effort to break a constriction which is sapping her life blood. Our blockade has been applied strictly for fewer months than the British blockade was maintained years in the last Great War. And yet the enemy of today is nearer the borderline of starvation than France was in 1815!

In view of those well-established conclusions, we are confronted with the suggestion that the British Fleet has failed to realize the hopes which the nation reposed in it. The contention is that the Navy has succeeded to the limit of the possibilities opened up to it by defective higher command exercised by the Admiralty, four First Sea Lords who have held office in succession being, with other seamen, involved in the condemnation. That brings us to the fundamental error. The Navy is controlled by seamen and not by landmen. There are officers at sea, and there are officers ashore. The latter study the springs of policy, and the former, who are in consultation with the officers ashore, carry that policy out. Both groups of officers belong to the same service; they pay homage to the same traditions; they are actuated by the same motives; and, lastly, they are in agreement as to the means to be employed in defeating the enemy.

Attacks on the Admiralty are attacks upon the Navy—upon the men who have saved the nation from the horrors of starvation and invasion, and have enabled it, not only to deny the seas to the enemy, but to throw vast armies across those seas to con-

*THE LIVING AGE, Jan. 12, 1918. "The Freedom of the Seas: The Enemy's Trap."

front the enemy's troops. That the Navy is administered by seamen for seamen in the interests of the whole Empire is conclusively proved by the patent of the Admiralty, published on November 6th in the *London Gazette*. That patent gives the names of the members of the Board, which may be quoted with advantage, with notes indicating the particular functions of each:

Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord, responsible for all Admiralty business.

Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe,* First Sea Lord and Chief of the Staff.

Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn E. Wemyss,*† Deputy First Sea Lord.

Vice-Admiral Sir H. L. Heath,† Second Sea Lord (*Personnel*).

Rear-Admiral Lionel Halsey,† Third Sea Lord (*Matériel*).

Rear-Admiral H. H. D. Tothill,† Fourth Sea Lord (*Supplies*).

Commodore Godfrey M. Paine,‡ Fifth Sea Lord (*Air*).

Vice-Admiral (acting) Sir H. F. Oliver,* Deputy Chief of Staff.

Rear-Admiral A. L. Duff,* Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff.

Mr. Ernest G. Pretymann, M.P.,† Civil Lord (*Works*).

Sir Alan Garrett Anderson,† Controller (*Production of Ships, etc.*).

That statement throws light upon the character of the Board of Admiralty, which consists of three elements—first, the naval officers who are responsible for operations, and are assisted by a large staff including many young seamen fresh from the sea; secondly, the naval officers who are responsible for the maintenance of the Fleet; and, thirdly, a group of civilians. The First Lord acts as President of the Board; the Controller possesses large powers over naval and merchant shipbuilding, and the Civil

Lord exercises not very important duties in connection with the upkeep of the naval ports and dockyards. But what of the naval members of the Board? Are they "a lot of obsolete old gentlemen who know nothing of war in its modern form and who resist, on principle, suggestions which come forward from those who are fighting the country's battles at sea?" Sir Eric Geddes has revealed the facts as to the eight Sea Lords:

Of those, only one has not been at sea on active service during the war. He is a distinguished officer, and his very great merit and value to the Admiralty are known full well, not only to myself and to his colleagues on the Board, but to all my distinguished predecessors during the war. One other of the Naval members of the Board has not been at sea, but he has had active charge during the war of aerial operations and training, and is employed in that capacity. The remaining six Sea Lords have all come from the Grand Fleet *within the last 12 months*, with one exception, and that officer's service at sea has been most distinguished in an Eastern Command, where he was in charge of naval operations during the war.

What of the Naval Staff? In its various divisions there are twenty-two flag officers and captains on the active list. Of these twenty-two, one captain has not served at sea during the war. Three Rear-Admirals have all served in the Grand Fleet; twelve captains have served in the Grand Fleet, and six captains have served at sea with other forces, but not in the Grand Fleet. Owing to the great increase in the pressure of work on the Naval Staff, owing mainly to the submarine campaign which opened in February last, it has recently been strengthened; Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the Deputy First Lord, devotes his whole attention to Naval Staff matters. At the same time, a

* Member of the Operations Committee.

† Member of the Maintenance Committee.

‡ This officer attends, when necessary, the meetings of both Committees.

new section of the Naval Staff has been formed consisting of junior officers of the Fleet, who have only just come from the sea and who act under the authority of a flag officer, who recently left the Grand Fleet to come direct to the Admiralty.

The position at the Admiralty, therefore, is this. The Chief of the Staff issues in his own name and under his authority the day-to-day orders to the senior officers in command of various sections of the Fleet, occupying a position corresponding to that of General Sir William Robertson at the War Office. It is a mistake to suppose that the Grand Fleet stands alone; it is the principal naval force, but there are other naval forces operating in the North Sea, the English Channel, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Far East, and the Pacific, and each admiral must have someone to whom he can look for instant instructions in any situation which may suddenly confront him. The First Sea Lord is also President of the Operations Committee, which deals not with the day-to-day work of the Fleet, but considers the larger questions of strategy which arise owing to changes in the naval situation. As Chief of the Staff, the First Sea Lord, personally, with his assistants, deals with the present, and as President of the Operations Committee he assists in taking thought for the future. Side by side with the Operations Committee, the Maintenance Committee works, its task being to keep the Fleet in an efficient condition and to fulfil any requirements as to *personnel* or *matériel* which the decisions of the Operations Committee may involve. Above those Committees is the Board of Admiralty, to which appeal can be made in case of divergence of view or hesitation in taking a decision of fundamental importance which it is felt should have the *imprimatur* of the

constitutional authority. The Board of Admiralty, in its strategic character, consists of four seamen, youth and ripe experience both being represented in a body which deals with the most technical kind of war, for war by sea demands more expert knowledge and greater promptness of decision than war by land, and a supreme mastery of seamanship, gunnery, and the torpedo.

Sometimes impatience is exhibited when, for a long period, the Fleet maintains silence. Cannot Heligoland be bombarded out of existence? Is it not practicable to attack the High Seas Fleet, sheltering behind powerful shore guns, with a range of fifteen miles or more, and protected by elaborate minefields, destroyers, submarines and aircraft? Why does not the Fleet break through into the Baltic in order to give succor to the Russians, defying the minefields which the Germans have laid as well as the forces protecting them? Cannot something be done by the Fleet to cause the Germans to release their grip on the Belgian coast? Those are all questions which it is easy for civilians to ask, but which it is impossible for sailors to answer without conveying valuable information to the enemy both as to past intentions and future anticipations. On those matters no opinion can be expressed, except by the officers who are in possession of all the facts as to the naval situation. That statement applies to retired officers of the Navy, and explains why, although there are 274 admirals and 329 captains on the retired list, they have, almost without exception, refrained from criticising naval policy, maintaining a reticence which does honor both to them and to the service to which they belong. They realize that the Navy is a learned profession like the law, medicine, and surgery. It is easy to mislead the public, but it is

difficult for anyone to lead opinion in a sphere of activity in which men spend their lives, withdrawing eventually into private life feeling that their careers have been all too short to master its technicalities and their energies too limited to enable them to keep pace with the changes in the balance of power and in the character of the weapons employed in naval warfare. That, it may be assumed, is the explanation of the silence which the six hundred senior officers of the service on the retired list have, almost without exception, imposed upon themselves during the past three and a half years of hostilities. Their action may be accepted by the nation at large as an example to be followed.

From much that has been written, and much more that has been spoken, it is apparent that the brilliant exhibit which the British Fleet has made in this war is not understood. A section of the nation has been fascinated by the dramatic developments on land. Newspaper readers look every morning for *communiqués* from the various fronts, where our armies are operating, and they are seldom denied the satisfaction of more or less gratifying news. We live in the age of the cinema and of the morning and evening paper, the latter appearing almost before time has elapsed to do more than glance at the former. We look for a quick movement of events, and the war by land satisfies us as the war by sea disappoints us. Many persons hardly realize the influence which environment has upon their mental attitude. Our forefathers formed a truer appreciation of the importance of events because, in the absence of news from day to day, they were able to take a longer view and see things in truer perspective. The news of the Battle of Trafalgar did not reach England until fifteen days later, and, although the Battle

of Waterloo, was fought on June 18th, 1815, within 150 miles of London, it was not until the afternoon of the 20th that the Government received the intelligence. If a raid in this war takes place on the Western Front, we expect to have a *communiqué* the same afternoon, and to learn on the following morning if a small military event has occurred in Mesopotamia, Palestine, or East Africa.

The cable has contracted the world, but it has affected very little the conditions at sea. That explains, in some measure, why naval warfare fails to tickle the popular imagination; nor should it be forgotten that the scientific triumphs of the last hundred years—the steam engine, the water tube boiler, the oil-burning ship, the long-range gun, and the automobile torpedo have not affected naval tactics as military tactics have been affected by scientific developments. Naval warfare in its main elements is what it was a hundred years ago, with this exception—that the advance of science has given strength to the weaker fleet acting on the defensive, with its coastal guns, its minefields, its destroyers, and its submarines, and its advanced base, the Island of Heligoland, armed *cap-à-pie* and provided with mosquito craft and aircraft to give it length of range and length of vision.

The riddle of the war consists of sea power, which we are exercising with a success without precedent. The anomaly is that our enemy has a better comprehension of the riddle than many people in this country. The Germans, and those who are fighting with them, are behind the screen which the British Fleet has created, and are feeling from day to day the economic constriction, reacting on the whole population, which is being enforced against them; they cannot forget for an hour the barrier which cuts them

off from the world. The British people are very much in the same position as supers behind the scenes in a theater; they cannot see the play, or realize what is going on. There would be a better comprehension of the work which the Fleet is doing if there was a more widespread diffusion of knowledge of naval history. Our histories have been written by landmen, and, in some cases, by soldiers. No historian has ever arisen who has dealt with our island story, except as a conflict of armies and a clash of civil power. The Norman Conquest was not a matter of soldiers, but of sailors; the sailors were absent when William the Conqueror reached these shores, and the Battle of Hastings was merely the sequel to a battle by sea which was not fought. The Spanish Armada was in its essence the struggle of a young naval Power against an ancient military Power. William of Orange could never have ascended the British throne if it had not been for the failure of the Fleet to intercept him on his passage from Holland. The Battle of Waterloo was complementary to the Battle of Trafalgar; without Trafalgar there could have been no Waterloo. And so on throughout our history, it is sea power which, in the first place, assured to us our liberties, and then enabled us to admit other nations to the same benefits. And yet what a small place the British Fleet occupies in our history! Battles by sea are mentioned without any appreciation of their significance and influence, but the historian lingers, fascinated, over every action in which British soldiers have ever taken a part. Kinglake devoted thirty-two years to the preparation of the eight volumes which recount the exploits during the Crimean War—1854-6—of the British Army.* Who has produced an adequate and

comprehensive history, even in a single volume, of the ten years of naval warfare which was waged after the Battle of Trafalgar?

We are confronted with conditions at sea which somewhat resemble those which exist on the Western Front. The Navy, like the Army, is fighting an entrenched enemy. The sailor, however, cannot sit down in trenches, as the soldier can sit down in trenches; he is compelled to patrol to and fro over the sea front, in the North Sea as in the Mediterranean. He cannot maintain himself close up to the enemy's lines as the soldier can do, because of the torpedo, mine, and shore gun, and if he could he is at one great disadvantage—the weight of artillery which can be mounted ashore is unlimited; but the weight of artillery which can be mounted in a ship is limited. He is handicapped. Every gun, whether it be employed on land or on sea, must have its mechanism protected from attack, which means weight, and the sailor has always to operate under the restrictions which sea conditions impose. His guns—limited in number and in protection—may be as good or better than the guns mounted on land, but he must fire from a moving platform, whereas the land gunner fires from a fixed platform, with all the aid which the cyclometer gives to him. Moreover, the sailor, try as he may, cannot absolutely prevent submarines passing under his blockading forces, whereas there is a limit to the length of a tunnel which the enemy can drive on the Western Front; and, at worst, an explosion follows. The sailor on blockade duty is conscious of what is taking place behind him—of the destruction which submarines, usually invisible at the time of attack, are inflicting on the merchant navy, which is essential to the existence of the Royal Navy. The sailor, who gropes

* The total numbers voted for the whole British Army in 1856 were 276,000.

his way over the North Sea through the darkness on a stormy night, his vision restricted by fog or mist or driving rain, can give no guarantee that the swift enemy raider (the enemy acting on interior lines) will not break out and get on one of the trade routes. Consequently at one and the same moment the Navy has (1) to blockade a well-defended enemy hiding in his fastnesses and maintaining a trench war in security and comfort, if demoralizing comfort, (2) to fight the submarine, which dives under the blockading forces, and (3) to destroy the raider, who, in pitchy darkness may elude the patrols.

When the war broke out, in order that we might succor France, the Navy was called upon to act in defiance of a principle which it had held sacrosanct since the time of Torrington, for the command of the sea was still in dispute when the armies were thrown across the sea in 1914, a responsibility being placed upon the Navy such as had never been imposed upon it in the past. And that leads to the enunciation of certain historic principles which we shall ignore at our peril:

1. A close blockade of the enemy's coast, in these days of long-range guns, mines, submarines, destroyers, and aircraft, is impossible.

2. A long-range blockade imposes upon the blocking force an arduous task, owing to the existence of handicaps which only a sailor can appreciate—the unfriendliness of the elements, the variation of visibility by day, the regular recurrence of darkness, and the benefits which Germany enjoys, owing to the fact that she acts on interior lines, having always at her service the element of surprise.

3. Ships of war never can fight, and never will be able to fight, forts, as the Japanese learned in their wars in the Far East in 1895 and 1905, as the Americans were reminded at Santiago,

and as we realized when the Dardanelles operations were undertaken. The German coast line and the Belgian coast line are studded with more powerful forts than are to be found anywhere else in the world. Naval and military power must be employed in combination against forts, the ships supporting the troops.

4. The Navy and the Army constitute not two services, but one service, the Army being the projectile which the Navy of an island Power discharges. There is, however, this difference between the shot which issues from a gun and the Army which the Navy throws across the water. In the former case, once the shot has issued from the gun, the gun's responsibility is at an end; once the Army has been landed by the Navy, the Navy's responsibility increases, because the Army must be supplied from day to day with food, munitions, and a variety of stores. Thirty thousand tons of stores and supplies and 7,000 *personnel* are carried daily to France across the water, and 570 steamers of 1,750,000 tons are continually engaged in satisfying the requirements of the troops in the various theaters of war, each steamer guarded from raider and submarine by the Fleet. The raider and submarine call for different treatment, since a guarding destroyer—the anti-submarine force—may be overwhelmed by a powerful raider and a protecting cruiser—the anti-raider force—sunk by a submarine.

5. Military power is of rapid growth as we have demonstrated; losses can speedily be made good. Naval power is of exceeding slow growth; the losses of capital ships cannot be made good during the period of the war. We can afford to take risks on land which it would be madness to face by sea.

But the basic fact, which explains any disappointment which may be

felt at the silence of the Fleet, is ignorance of naval history, the want of knowledge of the slow pressure which a Fleet exerts. Sea power seldom manifests itself dramatically. It is like a corroding acid, which slowly, but irresistibly, breaks down the opposition of an enemy, weakening his military power. A battle by sea in naval warfare is the exception and not the rule. There has never been a naval battle which has been decisive in the sense that it has brought a war to an end. The explanation is simple. Once the enemy recognizes inferiority in material or in moral strength, he avoids action, withdrawing behind his defenses—first, because he knows that a fleet once destroyed is a fleet destroyed for the period of the war, as may not be the case with an army; and, secondly, because he is encouraged to hope that some chance event or the influence of a war of attrition may at last enable him to put to sea with some hope of success. As an army may withdraw to a fortress and sustain a long siege, so an inferior fleet may retire behind its defenses and defy a

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superior foe, since ships cannot fight forts. That has always been the case, as the experiences of former centuries remind us, and, in the meantime, science has come to the aid of the fleet in hiding. But, though in hiding, it remains a "fleet in being," possessing possibilities of future action. For that reason the guard of the British Navy must be maintained without pause or rest; the Grand Fleet must remain ready at any moment to impeach the enemy, and the antennæ of the fleet must be ever on duty, exhibiting persistent vigilance, inexhaustible resource, and undaunted courage. Above all, the sailors can never be unconscious of the day by day duties imposed upon them. They must prevent the invasion of these islands or any other portion of the Empire; they must defeat the enemy's plan to starve this country—the boiler-house of the Empire—and they must maintain the lines of communication of the armies in various theaters, insuring against peradventure the life of every soldier who, in confronting the enemy, places his confidence in the Fleet.

Archibald Hurd.

CONSCRIPTION OF WEALTH: RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS.

Much is being said and written about the "conscription of wealth" for the purposes of the war. It is pointed out truly that a Government which seizes the persons of its citizens for the defense of the country has *a fortiori* the right to seize the property of its citizens for the same purpose. But those who are calling the most loudly for the conscription of wealth usually ignore two important considerations.

In the first place, whereas conscription of persons, in our country and time, has only just been introduced, conscription of wealth, in some forms and to some extent, is already part

of our national financial policy and has been in operation for many years past. In the second place (and more particularly), quite apart from any question of equity and as a mere matter of expediency, it is worth inquiry whether the wholesale conscription of wealth in the form of capital would enable us more quickly to win the war. The writer makes no pretense of great acquaintance with economic theories, but believes that there are practical reasons for suspecting that wholesale conscription of capital would postpone, if not prevent, our final victory.

In this article it is assumed that the

true wealth of individuals and of communities is indicated, not by the money measure of their possessions, but by the degree in which they can command what they desire and require. It is assumed, for example, that a British workman under normal conditions would be rich, compared with a millionaire dying from hunger on a raft at sea. It is assumed that if the cost of living has doubled and wages have only increased by 50 per cent, the wage receiver is poorer and not richer. It is assumed that if the whole world charged and paid for everything twice as much, and owed twice as much as at present, no one would be either richer or poorer, that if twice as much as now were produced of everything worth having, the world would be twice as rich, no matter how low prices were.

As the measure of wealth, actual or potential possession of the necessities, comforts, and amenities of life is taken. An available abundance of commodities rather than the ownership of high money values, is taken as the object at which to aim. In considering different forms of wealth, whether in capital or income form, we must keep in mind, not names but things, not tokens of value but utilities. In a word, we are to consider real and not nominal wealth.

For the sake of clearness we must draw a distinction between capital and income. Metaphysicians may find pleasure in confusing their own and other people's minds by maintaining that capital and income are the same thing. So, in a sense, they may be, but the form of an article may be as important as its essence. Ice, water, and steam are different forms of the same substance, but the distinction between these various forms is not unimportant. For example, cold water in a boiler may be quite innocuous, but the same water turned into steam

acquires an explosive quality highly dangerous to people in the neighborhood. It is quite easy to set "puzzles to beginners" as to what is capital and what is income.

We may regard a new machine as part of the income of the whole community that produces it, of which income the machine-making employer's share is the profit he makes upon it. But the same machine becomes part of the capital of the textile manufacturer who buys it with money which may be the savings out of his income. When the machine is finally thrown on the scrap heap, it is open to its owner to treat the money he receives for the old iron as income and spend it on consumable goods, or on his own pleasures. But to the extent to which such a man diminished his capital he would be so much poorer afterwards. Thus to diminish capital, without recognition of it in the balance-sheet, would be bad business and unsound finance.

There is a real distinction between capital and income, without the clear recognition of which no sound business can be properly carried on. One may admit, therefore, that many forms of capital, originally income, may be treated as, and in a sense become, income again, without invalidating the broad practical distinction between that form of wealth, more or less stationary, which we call capital, and that other form of wealth, mainly for consumption, which we call product or income.

Mill defines capital as "wealth appropriated to productive employment." Income we may regard as that product of the intelligent employment of labor and capital intended for the most part for human consumption (in the wide sense), but which, according to the use to which it is put, may become, in its turn, capital again producing income.

1. The existence of the income-tax, with its exemptions and graduations, and the institution of the super-tax constitute a partial conscription of wealth. It is true that this conscription is of income and not of capital (except in so far as the restriction of the accumulation of capital might be so considered). This vital distinction between the taxation of capital and the taxation of income should be carefully noted.

But with the institution and extension of the death duties, we have had for twenty-three years past an avowed conscription of wealth in capital form. Here, again, however, there is a notable and significant qualification. The slice of capital taken by death duties is not taken from the individual, but from his estate when it passes at his death into other hands. So long as he lives he receives, subject to more or less heavy income-tax, the income from all his savings. His motives for self-denial and saving are not weakened by the prospect of Government confiscation of them—during his lifetime at least. The feeling of possession (not necessarily ignoble, when qualified by a due sense of stewardship) remains to him during his working life, as a motive for the endeavor and self-denial without which neither individuals nor communities will build up any capital at all.

Up to the present at least, conscription of wealth in the form of capital has taken place only when property has passed, at the death of the owner, to someone else. But it would be affectation to deny that, for many years past, the death duties have effected conscription of capital on a considerable scale, and that the graduated income-tax and super-tax form together a substantial conscription of the wealth of rich people. These two forms of conscription of wealth—graduated income-tax with

super-tax and death duties—must of necessity be the chief sources to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer can look for the substantially increased revenue he will require. There is, of course, an imaginable rate of income-tax beyond which the Chancellor could not go without destroying the stimulus to earn income. Probably in the case of the excess profits tax, now at 80 per cent, the practical limit of its yield has been reached. Theoretically, we all ought to be willing to work hard to make excess profits to go entirely to the Government. Human nature, however, being what it is, the stimulus of retaining for oneself only one-fifth of profits made in excess of pre-war profits is undoubtedly in many cases very weak. There is not the least doubt that the excess profits tax, excellent as it is in principle, has in many cases tended to extravagance, carelessness, and waste, and thus toward national loss. It is arguable that as much revenue might have been secured, with more economy in the businesses of the country, if we had had, instead of the excess profits tax, still higher income-tax and death duties. At all events, there is very little indication that either the five-shilling income-tax or the increased super-tax has diminished the taxpayers' endeavor to make money, or their disposition to save it. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that the gradual rise of taxation has stimulated efforts to secure additional income wherewith to pay it. If this be the case, these taxes, though they may be burdensome upon the payer of them, are a sound proposition from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's point of view.

2. The same result could not follow conscription of capital in the owner's lifetime. When we are asked to confiscate 10 or 20 per cent of a living man's capital, whether in goods,

machinery, buildings, shares, or debentures, we are up against a vastly different proposition, one which, if attempted to be carried out, might bring down the fabric of British credit with a crash. No one has a right to play with our national credit. It is a factor absolutely necessary for winning the war. Already the mere talk in irresponsible quarters of confiscation of capital in a man's lifetime is having a bad effect upon the sale of National War Bonds. No more insidiously pro-German and anti-British campaign could be waged than to spread the notion that any British Government would confiscate a living man's capital.

What would be the effect of any widespread suspicion that the British Government, at the very time it sought to borrow a man's money, were contemplating the confiscation of his capital? There could be no guarantee, of course, as to when one 10 per cent "capital tax" would not be followed by another and another. Would that kind of thing secure larger voluntary lending to the Government of the money it needs? Would it be calculated to dispose the United States to keep lending us their money? Would it encourage our solvent allies, who have borrowed so largely from us, to pay back what they owe as soon as they are able? Would it be a good example for our own Dominions? Surely such a scheme would be bad policy, if not worse! But it would be impracticable also.

A fallacy widely current is that we can largely pay for the war out of capital. Reflection will show that this can be done to a limited extent only. Let us suppose that there were no private ownership and that the State owned everything. Let us imagine that the State, for the purposes of the war, took any and every commodity it required without even the formalities of taxation and pay-

ment for goods. What is it that the State requires for the purposes of the war? What would the State take? Just the things it buys now, food, clothing, equipment, munitions, ammunition, transport. Are these things capital or are they income? Everyone of these items is the result of the co-operation of three factors—capital, labor, and intelligence. They are income, thus produced, not for capital purposes, not for the purpose of being reproductively employed, but for the express purpose of consumption or destruction. They are not what Mill calls wealth appropriated to reproductive employment. Only to a limited extent does the Government legitimately employ capital in waging war.

You cannot feed soldiers upon fields and barns. You cannot clothe them with cotton bushes, sheep flocks, spinning-mills, looms, and sewing machines. You cannot arm them with blast furnaces and machine shops. On the other hand, in order to keep up your income you must efficiently maintain your capital. If you were to consume all your flocks and herds, if you were to wear out your machinery, vehicles, roads and railways without renewal, that would be to consume or destroy your capital. Your income in food, clothing, and transport would soon diminish. That way ruin lies.

But, all the same, it is mainly from the world's income that the world-war is being fought. True, machinery is not being replaced, roads are not being repaired, as much as they should be, and, to a limited extent, we are wasting our capital by wear not balanced by renewal. True, into the waste of war there is going much of our income which, under normal conditions, would be going as new capital into buildings, machinery, and other producing items. Income, which in normal times would be saved and

become capital, is not being so saved. By so much, our capital, not being increased is, and will be for some time to come, less than it would have been but for the war. But it remains true, that, in the main, the material cost of the war is coming out of the world's income.

How is it then that we are going so heavily into debt? Note that, although the war is being fought out of the world's income, that does not mean that it is being fought entirely out of our income. Until the United States of America came into the fray, it was largely her income, and that of smaller neutral states which, supplementing the income of the belligerents themselves, provided the "sinews of war." In exchange for large slices of the income of the United States in the shape of goods, we first gave up great masses of securities representing former British ownership of American capital. Latterly we have been giving paper promises to pay back, out of our future income, the equivalent of the amount of the United States' present income in goods supplied to us for war purposes.

Now that the United States is spending on the war on her own account so large a proportion of her income, she has so much less to lend to us. At the same time, while the war is costing as much as ever, our own true income-producing power is diminished. How are our requirements to be met?

It is notable that Germany's power of resistance remains formidable still. Notwithstanding that her conquests have provided her with some food and other things, considering that she is hemmed in from the high seas, if she were spending in normal ways as large a part of her income as we are, by this time she would be nearer final defeat. That she is not exhausted shows that a much larger proportion of her income

is going into effective and a much less proportion into unnecessary expenditure than is the case with us.

The great thing, therefore, is to get British people to spend less in order that their Government may spend more, or even keep on spending as much as now. There are two ways in which that would help the Government in fighting the war. More buying power would be at the disposal of the Government, and it would diminish competition in the world's markets for the articles our Government must buy for carrying on the war. For example, if each of 200,000 private citizens refrained from buying an unnecessary suit of clothes costing £5 each and lent the money to the Government, the Government would have a million sterling more to spend than it would otherwise have had and so much more clothing material would be left wherewith to clothe our soldiers.

As regards woollen clothing it may be said: "Does not the Government control the stocks and prices of wool?" Yes, that is so, but it should never be forgotten that the very justification for the Government doing so is that we have to import (as in the case of so many other things) a large proportion of the wool we use and that the steady sinking of ocean-going ships by German submarines *pro tanto* restricts our supply of wool as of other commodities.

The material part of the cost of the war is being provided mainly out of the world's current income, its income not in coins, bank notes, and bank balances, which are not really the world's income at all, but out of the world's real income in the necessary commodities of all kinds, in food, clothing, transport, equipment, munitions, ammunition. True, many of these kinds of income are not adding to the world's wealth and permanent well-being. But that is not the point.

They are the forms of income we require now.

The Government, then, for its fighting purposes, requires various commodities which are really income. Only to a small extent does it really require capital. If it were to confiscate, say, an engineering shop or a cloth factory, it could do no more than continue the production of the commodities which constitute that part of the national income which it requires. The question is, would such confiscation reduce or increase the national income in the required goods?

What we now require most is the maximum production of commodities at the minimum cost to the nation. It is, therefore, worth while, before joining in the cry for "conscription" of capital, to ask whether, by a transfer of the ownership of the capital factor of income production from private to public ownership, the volume of production would be lessened or increased. As the war is being provided for out of income in commodities and not out of capital, and must be increasingly provided for out of our own income and to a less extent out of other people's income, the crucial question for us (dropping for the moment all consideration of the rights of private owners) is, should we have more or less income or goods wherewith to fight the war if our capital were State-owned rather than private property? That is the real issue which the advocates of "conscription of capital" are pressing upon public attention. Should we have more food, both for civilians and for soldiers, if the Government owned and managed all the farms and gardens of the country? Would farmers and market gardeners produce more food as civil servants than as private traders? Would Government control of all our producing industries increase their productiveness to a greater extent than it increased their cost?

It would be wrong to disparage the value of the able services rendered to the State not only in time of war, but in time of peace, by its civil servants. But surely it cannot be pretended that under ordinary circumstances and in times of peace the many wants of the community, ministered to now by wholesale and retail traders, could be supplied as economically, expeditiously, and efficiently by the State as by private traders. Apart from those industries which are essentially monopolies, and in times of peace at least, the more direct personal interest of the individual trader and his greater freedom of action, because not tied by red tape, give him an enormous advantage over the Government official. Except in such services as are monopolistic in nature, this advantage is reflected in better service to the community than would otherwise be the case. Since the many more or less necessary interferences by Government with the course of trade during the war, innumerable illustrations have been afforded the British public of the diminution of efficiency, economy, and expeditiousness which seems inseparable from State management and control.

The question then arises, does a state of war so modify the conditions of agriculture, industry, and commerce as to make Government management more advisable than it usually is? Undeniably the authorities of a besieged town are justified in largely suspending the ordinary laws of supply and demand by seizing all supplies of food and doling them out in the way best calculated to prolong the lives of all the inhabitants. Similarly, in a country besieged as our country partially is, through Germany's gradual destruction of the world's shipping, the Government is justified in taking such measures as shall best distribute and make last out all our supplies of food, clothing, etc., necessary to human

existence. (It may be noted, by the way, that this policy has nowhere been held to justify the appropriation of the individual's stock of food, etc., by his own Government without payment for the same.) And further, where the consumer has not the protection of the full operation of the laws of supply and demand, as in a besieged town or country, the Government may be justified in checking and controlling prices charged to the consumer for many articles which it does not seize. But does this involve or justify the taking over by the State of the manufacture of the thousand and one commodities and the supply of all the many services required by mankind even during war?

Is the State, in addition to prescribing the prices of wheat, bread, potatoes, meat, milk, butter and cheese, to enter upon the business of producing them? Let us for the moment assume, for the sake of argument, the correctness of the collectivist theory that communal ownership of food production might ultimately mean cheaper food. We must assume, also, that the transformation of private into public ownership would be a process of some magnitude and complexity. Is the present time of war a favorable opportunity for such an experiment? Whatever may be the faults of the system of individual ownership of the means of food production, it is in existence. To change it would be a gigantic operation. To do collectivists justice, it may be that they are not consciously proposing to effect such a change at the present moment. But the proposal now made and being strongly pushed in some quarters practically amounts to the same thing in principle, but limited in extent.

It is gravely proposed that as the national need for money is so great and the national debt already so heavy, what is called a "tax on capital"

should be levied. It is recognized that while some traders may have surplus money out of which they could pay, say, a 10 per cent "tax" on their capital, the great majority of traders may not possess surplus cash resources. In such cases it is proposed that they should give up one-tenth of their business to the Government, which would then become a partner in all such businesses to the extent of one-tenth of their capital. Not only every railway and engineering works, but every manufacturing firm, however large or small, every farmer, merchant and shopkeeper, every barber and milk dealer, who could not find cash enough to satisfy the Government 10 per cent capital tax, would henceforth have to recognize the Government as the owner of one-tenth of his business, with, of course, the right of someone on behalf of the Government to share in the control and direction of that business. For, of course, partial ownership by the Government must mean partial control by the Government. Was ever anything more absurd proposed by men outside a lunatic asylum? And at a time like this, too, when the successful management of war matters is taxing to the utmost not only the directing brains of the country, but also the war-depleted permanent staff and the enormously swollen temporary staff of the country's civilian servants!

So far as material things are concerned, the war is being waged by means of the world's income in goods currently produced. As our prospect of borrowing the goods income of other nations diminishes, a greater share of our own income must be devoted to our war needs. To help us to win the war, our Government should have greater command, not so much over the capital of its citizens as over their income. Taxation of capital is not what the country needs. It is a greater

share—that is greater taxation—of the income of the country that the Government requires.

No doubt a considerable proportion of our national income is the capitalist's share of the joint product of capital, labor, and management. Let the State take, if necessary, a larger share of the capitalist's income from investments, with due regard, of course, to the rather large class of good citizens living on small incomes derived from the investment of savings. Such taxation is, in fact, the conscription of wealth in the particular form—viz., income, that the State requires for the time being. To that extent, and so long as such taxation lasts, the income benefit of the owner's capital is taken away from him. But he is left in possession and control of his capital and with the strongest possible motive to make the best use of it in the hope by and by of redeeming it from a part at least of the burden of Government taxation. Pray leave the owner what the lawyers call the "equity of redemption!" In nine cases out of ten, the owner of the capital will make much better use of it, untrammelled by Government control, than as a servant of the Government. He will work harder, he will deny himself more, as an owner, than as a Government servant. "The magic of ownership" is no phantom idea, played out already. Rather is it an old idea that has to be played into modern industry in one form or another.

A serious feature of the present situation is the inequality of the sacrifices being made by some members of the community as compared with others. The war puts money into the pockets of one set of traders and ruins others. Tommy, who faces mutilation and death, has much lower wages than Jack who stays at home. Jones saves all he can and lends to the Government, Smith acts on the principle, "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow

we die." Unquestionably, if all citizens saved their money as some do, the Government would never lack "silver bullets." Unquestionably also, if all citizens "wasted their substance on riotous living" as do others, we should be beaten in the war because bankrupt.

The Government will have to make still greater efforts to divert the nation's individual daily expenditure from nationally disadvantageous to nationally advantageous lines. There are two possible courses before it.

One course for the Government to take would be, through some authoritative committee or other, to decree what kinds of expenditure were and what kinds were not, to be deemed luxurious and unwarrantable, and then to proceed to suppress the condemned trades and occupations. A pretty prospect truly to open out before any Government! Whatever may be said for and against the alcoholic liquor trade, if we cannot agree as to what to do about that, what prospect is there of an agreement about other trades?

But there is a simpler and more automatic way of diverting the nation's individual expenditure from unnecessary lines into the necessary ones. The Government may, by drastic increase of legitimate taxation, so restrict the spending power of individuals as automatically to stop, or largely stop, the demand for luxuries. That plan would leave to every individual the choice of his own form of self-denial. It would be more consistent with British character and create less friction than the enactment of irritating sumptuary laws, by a not necessarily omniscient Government.

Let Mr. Bonar Law be as bold as, or even bolder than, Mr. McKenna was, when he raised the income tax and instituted the excess profits tax. Let him use his taxing power, not by "taxing capital" to discourage thrift and

lower national credit, but by taxing now misused income to divert it from nationally wasteful to nationally defensive purposes. If he so does, no doubt the wasters of all classes will

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raise a howl, as they always do when their selfishness is interfered with. But all that is sound and unselfish in the nation will respond, as it always does, to calls upon its patriotism.

Theodore Cooke Taylor.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEST BELOVED.

John's letter to Miss Sweeney was crossed by one from Mr. Sweeney, in which he mentioned that Octavia had gone to Europe to visit some friends.

"Octavia don't seem so set on getting to Ireland as I expected," he wrote. "She'll join me maybe in June—maybe not. I was glad to get her away from the troubles here. She wanted to stay, but I told her she'd be well out of it till I could follow. She's at Rome at the Embassy for the present. When Rome gets too hot she goes to the Duchessa di Spoligni at her Castle in the Apennines. She and the Duchess were at school together at Versailles. I'd have liked Octavia to have had an American training or an Irish one. Her mother thought different, so it was the Convent of the Pax at Versailles. Octavia didn't look different from the others, and she didn't seem to see much difference between her old Poppa and the princes and dukes that were the other girls' Poppas when I went to see her."

Mr. Sweeney had conducted a regular correspondence with John since he left. A great part of this was taken up with the business of the Islands, over which he had constituted John a sort of surveyor. Very seldom before had there been anything but the most cursory allusion to his daughter.

John read the long paragraph twice

over before going on to the remaining portion of the letter.

"Your brother is doing well. He seems bent on succeeding. New York's not heaven in the hot weather, but he says he'll stick it out. I tell him it's his first season. He says it don't matter: he's been in nasty places before. He's turning his hand to any kind of chores that comes his way, and don't seem to mind."

John grinned over the picture he evolved of Tony doing chores. He remembered that a little while ago Tony had served at the grocery counter. Conceivably that might call for a greater heroism on Tony's part than any of the privations he had endured cheerfully. While John considered if he should burden Denis Sweeney, up to his neck in labor troubles and lost for John Brett who was leaving him, with the search for Maggie Dempsey, elucidation of his doubts came from Monica. She wrote an exceptionally good letter, vivacious and observant, and she had the faculty of making one see the thing she described.

Midway of her gay record of Punchestown Week in Dublin came an allusion over which John wrinkled his brows.

"Who do you suppose I met at lunch at the Vice-Regal Lodge?" she wrote. "By the way, they are the most gracious people. They know how to make simple goodness lovely and stately. Who but—Prince Paul? He thought he might be here for his

Government, you remember? He looked delighted when he caught sight of me. He is on his way through to America, but will be back again for Horse Show Week—in Dublin, I mean. He said something about hoping to be in your neighborhood before he goes back to Russia."

"He shall not have Granny for his Government" John said to himself, with a wry smile; "nor the colt, nor Granny's foal, if I can help it. Why should the good horses go out of the country?"

He read further.

"I told him about Maggie Dempsey. I don't know how he drew it out of me. He is very sympathetic. Before I knew where I was, I was telling him that and about Kit also. He said he hoped to see Miss Sweeney in New York, and that they might discover Maggie together. Miss Sweeney, he says, is a perfect angel of the Tenements. It all happened during an hour's talk between lunch and tea. He is certainly very kind-hearted."

John smiled more wryly than before. So Prince Paul was going to New York, only to meet with a disappointment. He wondered if the visit had a connection with Octavia's sudden departure for Europe, and concluded that it had not. She was not the woman to fly from a man for fear of saying yes or no to him. But obviously she and Prince Paul did not correspond.

The time turned quickly round through May and June. Monica had gone home from Dublin, and had spent a month of the season in London, before acting as hostess to the party invited to meet the Duke at Ferriby. She had not written to John, but some time in June there came a letter to Madam which had a joyous ring about it.

"I have just heard from Prince Paul," she wrote. "He has found Maggie Dempsey. Things went badly

with her from the beginning. She deceived her mother when she wrote those cheerful letters home. When she was almost done from hunger and hopelessness, going to and fro looking for work, which was less and less likely to come to her as she grew shabbier and weaker, she had the luck to faint in the street and to be picked up by an Irish policeman, who had her carried off to a hospital run by Sisters of Mercy. She was just creeping back to life in the Convalescent Home of the Linden House of Mercy when Prince Paul found her. As soon as she can travel he is sending her home. He wants to do something for them—when he comes."

"If she had gone to Sweeney's and asked there for employment, she would have got it," John made comment, vaguely resentful of the meddling of Prince Paul Ourossoff in the affairs of the Islanders.

Madam, to whom he spoke, answered nothing. She had been looking very haggard of late, and her steps dragged. One of those women who obstinately refused to grow old, she had kept a delicate prettiness. Her hair, a little dusty over its original fairness, was too fly-away for the hair of a grandmother. In her soft way she had lamented that she could not grow old, however she reminded herself that she ought to. "My mother wore a cap when she was thirty," she had said; "and here am I, approaching twice thirty, and I cannot become sedate whatever I do."

It was some little time before John took fright at his mother's changed looks, and imparted his fears to his father. His mother ought to see a doctor, John said, and in his terrified mind he thought that the beloved creature was dying on her feet, bearing her anguish alone, not even imparting it to John on whose heart she had always leaned.

Sir Anthony's methods were very swift. He would have no delay, no paltering, with his wife's illness, once his eyes were opened to its appalling existence. She confessed to him at last that she had been bearing her suffering silently for some months back. He even spared to reproach her. Without a word to anyone he carried her off to Dublin, for an expert opinion. John too must go with them. If the opinion was unfavorable they would both need John.

The morning they started John sought his father in his dressing-room and, finding him, put a roll of notes into his hand.

"There is a hundred pounds," he said. "I've saved it up. The poems bring money sometimes. I wanted to pay for Granny, but that can wait. She must have the best help money can buy."

He saw the relief in his father's face, though Sir Anthony spoke simply.

"Thank you, John," he said. "I did not like to trouble the others. Redmond was the most fortunate one from a worldly point of view, but Redmond's young wife seems to need a good deal. I am glad it is yours."

The specialist's decision did not take long. He advised an immediate operation. Madam was snatched from the two who had never been able to do without her to the nursing-home where the operation was to take place, a cheerful, beautiful old house, as little like a hospital as possible. A sweet-faced rosy nun received Madam in a room which had no suggestion of anything but a pretty parlor in a good old-fashioned private house. A young nurse brought tea and strawberries, and there was a bunch of roses on the table. The nun, after hovering about for a few minutes like a kind anxious hostess, left Madam to pour out the tea, and went away,

carrying off the brisk, red-haired young nurse with her.

"If Cecilia had lived," said Madam, "she might have been my nurse. I don't know that I would have wished it. It would have been hard on her, the poor child!"

She poured out the tea, and pressed the strawberries on her two poor men, picking the fruit clear of their stalks, on the beautiful old china plates which would have made a collector green with envy. Now that the time was come Madam's brave spirit asserted itself. The color had come to her cheeks and the light to her eyes. Looking at her it was not so easy to believe that she was a sick woman, on the eve of a serious operation.

She had been told about John's hundred pounds, and had been relieved that the money was so easily forthcoming, since she "was worth it to John and his father," as she said. Their eyes answered her, gloating over her in fondness, and she smiled. "I believe after all that I am really precious," she said, "so I must make up my mind to get well."

John and she had a few words alone, while Sir Anthony smoked on the roof-garden of the Home.

"I shall only mind this one night," she said, "this one night alone. But one night soon passes. Your father and I have been always together, and as for you, Ian, you would never leave me of your own free will from the day you were born. I have had so much dear company all my days, that I must not grudge this one night when I shall be alone—with only God. When I know that God is there, what loneliness can there be?"

"I shall be watching with you," said John. "And father will be watching. We shall not be so far away, at the Shelbourne, just across the Green."

"If things do not go right, Ian," Madam said, clutching John's hand in her own, which was small and dry as a bird's claw, "you must do your best for your father. I do not ask you to comfort him. For people who have loved as we have there is no comfort when separation must come." She lifted her head proudly. "But take care of him, Ian: be good to him. I have always wished him to die first, so that I should have the loneliness.

"You must yield me up to God," she said, stroking his cheeks as though he were a little child, "and try not even to ask for me to be given back again. His generosity is so great that we may trust Him to do better by us than we dare hope. Listen, Ian dear, there is one thing I want you to tell me. It is about Monica. I think something was said between you when she was with us in April: I have waited patiently for you to tell me. Will you tell me now, dear?"

She was standing holding John's hand in hers, the bright wavering smile coming and going.

"You know how fond I am of Monica," she said. "Cecilia's friend. I have longed for Monica for my own daughter. Is there no chance, Ian?"

John looked down at her, feeling that the one thing in the world was to give her what she asked. Nothing else could matter so long as she was made happy at this supreme moment.

"There is a chance," he replied. "I have asked her and she has not refused."

"Oh, Ian, you make me so happy. I feel now that I shall live to see it. It is worth living for. Dear Monica! I wish I could have seen her before. But she will come to me afterwards, please God. My dear little daughter! I have longed for it, Ian. You and Monica. You are the dearest of all my children."

John looked at her with a steady

tenderness. She was taking too much for granted: but he was satisfied that it should be so. The assurance would help her now. If Monica were, after all, to say no, well, by that time, in the mercy of God, his beloved mother would be able to bear the disappointment. She seemed to have no doubt about Monica's answer. If she was right—John's heart uplifted—

If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve,

and any man might be contented with Monica—dear, merry, good Monica.

Madam drew him a little closer to her.

"There is no one else, Ian?" she whispered anxiously.

"No dearest, there is no one else."

"Of course not!" Madam breathed a sigh of relief. "It was a stupid thing to ask. Who else could there be but Monica?"

Then she remembered Sir Anthony keeping patient vigil under the stars on the roof-garden.

"You have given me great heart, Ian," she said, "great heart. I think I shall come through all right now. Go to your father and tell him to come and say good-night. The dear little Reverend Mother said that I was to have a good night's rest. I will say good-night now to you. Afterwards—it will be a lonesome night, dear, and I parted from both my men. After to-night I shall not mind."

She called John back as he was leaving the room, and there was a bright pale light on her face.

"I shall revisit the Trevi after all, with you and Monica. I am sure that I shall, in the mercy of God."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ENVOY.

The operation was over, with the happiest results. There had been nothing malignant, thank God. John

wrote to Monica Howard. They might look to have the beloved little mother given back to them, restored to health. Not to Monica, not to anyone yet, could he tell of the night in the big comfortable hotel across the Green, where he kept vigil with that other lonely soul in a loneliness beyond description.

He had looked shriveled and withered after that night, and his mother, looking at him with eyes full of yearning tenderness in the minute during which he was permitted to see her before the operation, had understood. Afterwards there had been the days and the nights of intolerable anxiety, when, at any moment, things might go wrong, irremediably wrong. For so many days John and his father scarcely dared to breathe lest the cloud should descend upon them, days when Madam, faintly smiling on her pillow, seemed so far removed from them that they could never hope to follow her.

On one of the last of these intolerable days, during which John haunted the Nursing Home and wondered at the patience of the kind nurses with him, he came back to the hotel to find a heap of luggage in the hall and Monica Howard's maid paying the cabman.

"Miss Howard is just having a cup of tea in the lounge, sir," she said, turning to John with such an air of certainty of his interest that he blushed.

Monica was sitting at a little table in the lounge, wearing an obvious air of impatience.

"Oh, it's you at last!" she said as she caught sight of John. "They said you were out, and your father also."

"My father has doubtless gone over there," said John, indicating the other side of the Green. "He used not to be a great person for prayers, but since my mother's illness he spends much of

his time on his knees. It is as though if he left off she might be snatched from him."

"Isn't there some place where we can talk?" Monica asked, looking with disfavor on the many little tea-tables about the room, nearly everyone of which had its occupants. "Here is the tea! You shall have a cup, and then we can get out of this babel. Is the Green possible?"

The Green was possible. They drank their tea almost in silence, while a lady with a high-pitched voice discussed politics and religion with an air that said she expected to be listened to.

Tea over, they crossed the wide road to the Green, and found a shady seat near the railings which did not seem to possess any particular interest for anyone else.

"This will do," said Monica; "and now, tell me about it all. Begin from the beginning."

"It was good of you to come," said John, gratefully. "Really and truly, Monica, it is good for sore eyes to see you. Father and I have been very lonely. And in the midst of your gaieties, too!"

"Do you suppose I could be very gay, knowing she was ill? Why, of course it was the one thing I was certain to do. I chucked all my engagements. My aunt was furious. But—she did not remain so. How could she? She had given up everything in a particularly brilliant week, herself, because of the serious illness of a very dear old friend. It was her dog, dying slowly of old age. She sat up with him every night, and all day, till he died."

"How nice of her!" said John, simply.

"Yes, wasn't it? So you see she could understand me. She knows I adore your dear mother. And—here I am!"

"And here you are going to stay—to see her in a day or two, and to help father and me through. We've had a pretty hard time."

She looked at him and saw that he was harassed by fatigue, that his eyes were bloodshot and his young face marked by the strain of anguish and fear.

"You poor boy!" she said, with a sudden great kindness in her voice.

"Oh, Monica, it is good to have you," he said. "We have been lost without her. It was horrible to be here helpless, and she under the knife." A quick shudder shook him from head to foot.

"Fortunately," he went on, recovering himself, "it was not so bad as they feared. I told you that, did I not? Do you remember what Keats said, 'Bring me no laurel crowns in a world where——'?" He broke off as though he could not continue. "After all," he finished, "we need not think of that. There was nothing malignant. It will not recur."

A day or two later Monica, fresh as a rose, crossed the Green with John and had tea at the Nursing Home with Madam McGrady.

Madam, still in bed and propped up by pillows, looked delicately fair and young in her loose wrap of china-blue silk, her hair done more carefully than she herself had ever troubled to do it. She was flushed, and her eyes were shining as she looked at Monica.

"My dear daughter!" she said; and took Monica's hand with John's into her weak, clinging grasp.

"My mother took a great deal for granted," John said, as they returned to the hotel, standing for a few seconds to watch the ducks on the pond being fed by the children. "Was it too much, Monica?"

"I don't know," she said, in a low voice. "I don't feel that I am ready.

I hate to be uncertain like this, to try you. Perhaps it is not easy for us. We have been always like brother and sister. Don't you feel it so?"

"Perhaps!" He had an odd feeling that Monica had somehow slipped away from him. "There was a time when it would have been easy enough for me. You had only to put out your hand."

"Need we talk of it?—till she is well," Monica asked, with a sideways glance.

"As you will," returned John, composedly. "Only—she must not know that it is not quite settled. I believe that at this moment you would marry me for my mother's sake. I do not want to be married for my mother's sake. When she is well again, you shall be free as air."

Presently Madam was well enough to go back to Clew, but now, since it was getting on for Horse-Show Week, Monica decided to return to the friends with whom she was to stay for the gay function.

"Help me to get away as quietly as possible, John," she said. "Her dear eyes ask me questions and entreat me. I have to go away to make sure. When I am with her and with you, my heart is so full of affection that I am pulled one way and another. I ought not to marry you because I adore your mother, nor because I am so fond of you, nor because you saved us the Holy Hand, nor for any other reason than the only one. Let me go away where I can fight it out for myself."

John made it easy with Madam, who quite came to understand why it was that Monica must go away to think matters out for herself. She did not seem to have any anxiety about the result, nor any impatience to hurry it. She was taking up the threads of life again, better than she had been for a long time, though looking ethereally delicate.

Cloughaneely had something to talk about, although this summer Mr. Sweeney and his daughter delayed to pay the visit they had promised. Father Hennessey still held to it that Mr. Sweeney would come to see for himself what had been done to his order on the Islands; to push on the dilatory people who could give Cloughaneely its harbor. A little sensation of the Islands was that Maggie Dempsey had come home, one gray evening of late summer, and had turned her mother's life rosy; that Maggie and Tom Killeen had made it up and were going to settle down on a farm in the Middle Island, where the mother was to live with them for the rest of her days. A sensation for Cloughaneely was that, after all those years, Donal Sheehy was coming home, and report had it that Donal was a great man, making money at the law in New York, likely to be made a judge, no less: and people were wondering if Kit McGarvey had put him out of her head, or if he'd forgiven her about Miss Cecilia, she being only unlucky, poor girl, and it no fairness to blame her for what she couldn't help at all. Pretty Kit on those days had a distraught look, a look of flight, as though she might run away at any moment.

John went about his business during this time as though he were not over-anxious about his future. He was going to fairs and markets, doing some business in sheep and cattle, playing cricket—somehow or other John, during his brief snatches of school life, had become a cricketer, and had got up a cricket eleven in Cloughaneely—he was shooting and fishing and doing a bit of farming, and there was a certain amount of social life. John was very shy with those outside his intimacy, but a good many people had found his dreamy eyes and his good looks very attractive,

and it was not in John to reject good will when it was offered.

It was some time in September, and the people were saving their corn, when John, returning one day from a fair, met in the village street, coming apparently from the post-office, no less a person than Prince Paul Ourossoff. He was dressed like an English Squire in a gray tweed suit and gaiters, and he had a yellow rose in his coat.

"Well, my friend," he said, putting out his hand, "you see I have come back."

"I know," said John. "Patsy Murphy told me you wanted a few horses. There's a fair tomorrow at Lahinch where you might pick up one or two. Where are you staying? Not at M'Groarty's? You must come to Clew."

"M'Groarty's will do me very well," said Prince Paul. He spoke English perfectly and with a delicately careful enunciation so that his speech was a delight. "Mrs. M'Groarty will do me very well. She is not a *cordon bleu*, but what would you have? A soldier does not complain. Have you still that little mare I saw at Patsy Murphy's which I understand you bought?"

"Granny? Oh yes, I have Granny. I don't think I can part with her. She is as clever and loving as a dog. I've a little filly you could have if we agreed. But—M'Groarty's, Prince Paul! We shall do you better at Clew. You must come to us."

Prince Paul looked John full in the face. It struck John that there was something odd in the expression of the bright dark eyes, the sensitive, composed mouth. Was it possible that Prince Paul was sorry for him, John McGrady? Why on earth should he be sorry for him? John dismissed the thought as fantastic, incredible.

"Miss Howard has told me of Madam McGrady's illness, and also

that it is a thing of the past, happily. I have been very sorry for you all, my friend."

"Yes, I knew you would be. Monica has not written lately. You saw her in Dublin, I suppose—at the Horse Show?"

"Yes, at the Horse Show—and afterwards. Come and walk with me, McGrady. There are several things I want to say to you."

John went with him, uneasily wondering if there was any real significance in Prince Paul's manner to himself, or if he only imagined it.

"It was jolly good of you to look up poor little Maggie Dempsey," he said, submitting to Prince Paul's compelling touch on his arm. "You have made three people completely happy."

"And that is a great gain," said Prince Paul. "It was nothing on my part. I know New York very well. I have a friend—your countryman—who is Chief of Police. It only needed a word to him. I assure you the case interested me. I rejoice to think that I shall see the happiness for myself. Miss Howard was very eloquent. I did not need praise: it was nothing. If I did hers would be enough."

"Ah, you did it for her!"

To John's amazement Prince Paul looked taken aback, embarrassed for the moment. Then he recovered himself.

"Why, surely," he said. "Little as it was I did it for her. A woman is never so pleasing as when she pleads the cause of the unfortunate."

By this time they had left behind the eyes of the village, the women who came and looked over the half-doors curiously at Prince Paul, the loafers on the bridge, the children, the dogs, the straying beasts of one sort or another, and were out on the sea-road, with the wind in their faces.

They paused a moment, ostensibly

to look at a cormorant poised in air which swooped joyously, while they watched, on his prey. Before they turned to resume their walk Prince Paul said the thing which John had read in the compassion of his quiet gaze, compassion which had a touch of shyness, almost of fear, in it.

"I came to ask you," he said, "to set Miss Howard free. You are a man of honor. You will not wish to bind her if her affections are bestowed elsewhere."

John looked thunderstruck. His eyes lightened and darkened.

"You are not Miss Howard's ambassador?" he asked, and his manner was very haughty.

"Of course not. But she has chosen me before you. She concedes it. She is heart-broken at the thought of the blow she must deal—your mother, not you. She would beg your pardon: but she will not believe that she has done you irretrievable wrong. Her grief is for your mother."

John threw back his dark young head and looked into Prince Paul's eyes.

"If she concedes to you that she prefers you to me she owes nothing to me," he said. "I quite believe that she has tried to care for me. Tell her she must give herself where her heart is. She is not in fault. My mother will be disappointed, but she will not lose her affection for one she has always loved. You are sure Monica cares for you?"

"If I had any doubt I should not be here. She has tried not to care for me, but she has failed."

"I thought it was Miss Sweeney," said John, brusquely.

"Why, there was a time when I thought so too. She was adorable with my children. There was a moment when she was almost willing to accept me for the sake of the children. Not quite. She has avoided

me for some time past. Perhaps the temptation of the children was too great. You must tell her, McGrady, that she has nothing to fear from me."

"I shall not see her," said John looking down gloomily.

"Oh, yes, you will see her. If I were you, I should be quite frank with her. Or, I shall be. She is in Paris, I believe."

They had come to the point where the road turned inward, and there they stood. All around them was sky and sand and sea and bog. The sands were rosy still. Some warm light seemed to issue from them and illumine all surrounding things. The distant hills were lost in rosy mist. The strange bright light flowed over everything. The sandy road under their feet was the color of honey or of the chestnuts surrounding Clew Castle, which were the color of ripe corn.

"I think after all," said Prince Paul. "I shall not accept the hospitality of Clew—not now, lest I should strain Madam's forbearance to breaking-point. In a little while she will forgive me. I shall be here for a day or two. Afterwards I go on to Ferriby Howard."

He held out his hand to John. John took it. He looked into the fine distinguished face, austere with the

traces of past suffering. Prince Paul's hair was iron-gray about the temples. He had a look—John was not sure—was it of the St. George of Donatello?—or a St. Sebastian?—a soldier saint certainly.

"You are a very popular person here," he said. "They know that you found Maggie Dempsey for her mother. You must go to see them before you leave. And—Donal Sheehy?"

"He has promised to come back. He longs to see your mother, for whom he has a great devotion. He could not have forgiven himself if her illness had . . . ended less happily. I know all about Donal Sheehy. Miss Howard has told me. He seems a very fine fellow."

"It was good of you to interest yourself in these matters," said John. "Why . . .?"

"Because Miss Howard had told me of them. It was nothing. I did absolutely nothing. Please do not feel that I intrude myself into the affairs of your people."

"The Widow Dempsey and Maggie would not call it an intrusion," John returned, and went on to Clew while the light faded from off the sea and bogs.

(To be concluded.)

TWO NOTABLE SPANISH NOVELS.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

It is not necessary to go back as far as Smollet's version of "Don Quixote," or the attempt to naturalize the adjective "Cervantic" in our language, in order to find plenty of evidence that Spanish was at one time a favorite study among English men of letters. It is well known, for example, that Southey was not merely an ardent admirer of the Spaniards, but a good Spanish scholar—one who

compiled his "Chronicles of the Cid" from various original sources, and whose works are liberally illustrated by quotations from Spanish authors. Then Carlyle, in one of his letters, speaks of being half-way through "Don Quixote" in the original (he and his wife are reading it together), and incidentally applies to the Castilian idiom the felicitous descriptive phrase of "rich in blandishment." Well had

it been for that great writer's present reputation had he sacrificed his "Life of Frederick called the Great" to follow up the idea he at one time entertained of writing on the Cid! Lockhart adapted Spanish ballads with considerable success; while such was the brilliance of Edward FitzGerald's renderings of Calderon that it has led to doubts of their exactness. There is no need to multiply examples. Enough that, to those of us who would cherish the relations of Spain and Great Britain, the state of things I have indicated is very pleasant to look back on. Alas, that, for a time at least, it should have come to an end! But so it was. Coleridge's "Wallenstein" (1800) followed by Shelley's impressionistic versions of the "Prologue in Heaven" and the "Mayday Night," led the way to a revolution of taste among English students of foreign literatures. Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" and Connop Thirlwall's translations from Tieck, both published in 1825, helped on the movement, which thenceforward became so rapid that, by 1838, Abraham Hayward, prefacing a Third Edition of his own translation of Goethe's "Faust," is able to refer to seven or eight English translations of that masterpiece as having appeared within five or six years. In such fashion were Spanish studies supplanted by German in our midst. From the middle of the nineteenth century, few or no young Englishmen applied themselves to Spanish for literary purposes; and though it is true that recent years have shown us such distinguished authorities on Spanish letters as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly and the late Major Martin Hume, it is no less true that these gentlemen and their fellow-students might be told off on the fingers of one hand. In plain terms, the study of Spanish literature, once so fruitfully pursued among us, has for many years past almost ceased;

and what tends to make this the more remarkable is that, during that period, there has been awakened an eager interest in the fine art of the Peninsula. Thus it has come about that, whilst enthusiastically appreciating Velasquez, Goya, and El Greco, not to speak of many more modern masters of painting, we have been systematically turning our backs on Zorrilla and Nuñez de Arce, Campoamor and Echegaray.

Well, at last the time would seem to have arrived for ending this anomalous and not too creditable state of matters. It is safe to announce a slump in all things German, and at the same time it is apparent that the auspices here are favorable to Spain. The study of Spanish, for example, is at last receiving due academic recognition, nor are signs wanting that Spanish music is about to follow Spanish painting into favor. What one would like to see next would be the opening of the London theater where a play of Echegaray's was recently performed to the work of the brothers Alvarez Quintero. In the meantime, let us avail ourselves of the flowing tide, and, if so may be, help to swell it, by directing attention to two recent Spanish novels, which are not merely remarkable in themselves, but eminently racy of the soil from whence they spring and powerfully contrasted.

If we accept the naturalistic canon that a novel should represent a section of life illustrated by the doings of a group of typical characters, then we must admit that a Spanish novelist could scarcely have hit upon a better subject than that of the "Sangre y Arena" ("Blood and Sand") of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. For this novel deals with the bull-ring, which to the average Spaniard means as much as horse-racing and football rolled into one might mean to the average Briton. And let me say at once that,

judged as a conspectus of bull-fighter life, "Sangrey Arena" could scarcely be surpassed. It exhibits bull-fighting in its true proportions and relation to the national life, as a great institution, claiming, engrossing, shaping the lives of thousands, and to which thousands owe the color, joy, and interest of existence.

The skill with which Señor Ibáñez strikes his keynote reminds us of Alphonse Daudet. It is noon on the opening day of the bull-fighting season, and the *torero*, Juan Gallardo, is ill at ease. For, like many another servant of the public, it is only when face to face with his audience that he has full command of himself. An hour hence his coolness and courage will be perfect, but in the meantime he is nervous and sits on thorns, and any trifle suffices to upset him. A few deft touches create for us the atmosphere in which he lives. If he is the demi-god of the multitude, he has to pay a heavy price for that distinction—to be at the beck and call of all and sundry, to respond to every man's advances, to welcome to his intimacy those whose very names he has forgotten. But El Gallardo is a good-natured fellow, who takes these things as they come. One by one, his associates and dependents are introduced. There is "Garabato," the *torero manqué*, his body-servant—dryest of men, most niggardly of praise, and yet most faithful; Doctor Ruiz, who specializes in the casualties of the arena, and labors less for profit than from love; Sebastian, the *banderillero*, whose heart is in revolution; Potaje, the *picador*, the Marquess of Moraima, a grand old patron of the sport, and a score of other characters who live for bull-fighting or hang upon its fringe, not forgetting impostor *toreros*, and the foreign governesses who lose their hearts to bull-fighters, or the exquisitely grave burlesque of the School

of Bull-fighting. Into the details of the great man's professional toilet, Señor Ibáñez enters with inimitable irony, which spares us no minutiae. For here to him who rightly understands, there is nothing unimportant! The Gallardo is a self-made man; one who, starting as a street-boy, has set success before him as a goal, and dared and suffered all things to attain it. Hence his method is novel and daring rather than traditional, though, needless to say, it loses nothing in popular favor upon that account. When the story opens, he has already reached the top of the tree, is making and spending somewhere about £15,000 a year, and is eligible for election to the smartest club in Seville. The keynote of romance is introduced by a delicately perfumed note which Gallardo treasures. Alas! if it is romance at all, it is of a very shallow kind. For though the scene is Andalusia, that chosen home of passion in the poets, the interest now awakened by Gallardo is less that of sentiment than of curiosity, the sequel being experimental rather than passionate. The writer of the note is Doña Sol, the widowed niece of the Marquess of Moraima, a golden-haired beauty still under thirty. As wife of an elderly Ambassador, she has had cosmopolitan experience, and is determined to live her life. Suffice it to say that her methods lose nothing by want of directness. Gallardo, on his part, though happily married, proves a very easy prey, and when the time comes for her to desert him, as sooner or later it was bound to do, one feels just about as much sympathy for him as for some greedy child from whom a dainty dish has been carried off. "Naturalistic" the record of this liaison may be, but it is not possible to feel much interest in it. Neither the character nor the course of the love here depicted justifies that. This,

however, is by a long way the least admirable part of the book, which has only to leave philandering and turn to the painting of outdoor scenes to awaken our enthusiasm. Among these the bull-ring scenes, of course, take precedence, but they stand by no means alone. Indeed, for sheer beauty of local color, the charming scene of the *novillos*, or trial of young bulls, would be difficult to beat; as would that of the religious masquerade which still finds a place in the Holy Week celebrations at Seville; or, again, the visit of the bandit, Plumitas, to Gallardo's farm. These transport the reader straight into the heart of Andalusia. The cool audacity ascribed to Plumitas might indeed well stagger belief, did one fail to remember that, only a quarter of a century ago, a similar miscreant, known as Melgáres, made the neighboring region ring with his Robin-Hood-like exploits; whilst, not many years earlier, two peaceable citizens of Gibraltar were forcibly seized when on an afternoon ride, and carried off and held to ransom. For breadth and animation of style in the painting of such scenes as these, Señor Ibáñez has no rival. I have already likened him to Daudet. Well, as a scene-painter he is Daudet's equal, though with a broader and freer touch; whilst, though his field of observation is much narrower, his sense of local color and of atmosphere is scarcely inferior to that of Daudet's disciple, Loti. It is on the moral, not the artistic side that he fails to satisfy a northern reader. For let the pageant of life be as brave as it may, it alone is powerless to suffice us. We demand a moral conflict, a struggle of some sort. But the struggle here, if we except the introductory chapter, is exclusively with bulls. And thus it happens that the boy Juanillo, overcoming difficulties in pursuit of his ambition, is in reality a much more

interesting figure than the full-fledged *torero*, who has the ball at his feet and takes life as it comes. Yet, when Nemesis overtakes him, we are conscious of a tragedy. He has accustomed his public to look to him for *coups d'audace*; and so, when he loses his nerve after an accident, it is his own past prowess that rises up against him, and the audience which has most admired him which now hisses loudest. But, having once known triumph, how shall he retire into private life? To do this is beyond him, and he takes the consequences. . . . In conclusion, "*Sangre y Arena*" sounds no depths of human character. The qualities in which it most excels are those of painting rather than of poetry, but in these it takes a very high place. Incidentally, also, it deserves commendation for directing attention to the cruel sufferings inflicted upon horses in the bull-ring, both before and behind the scenes.

If "*Blood and Sand*" lack moral significance, the same charge cannot certainly be brought against "*El Amor de los Amores*," a novel which reveals a very different side of Spanish character. For, if Ibáñez be a realist of the school of Zola, Ricardo León is a poet, and, upon his own showing, a reactionary in the nobler sense—one, that is, who turns back to a by-gone age for the inspiration which has failed him in his own. It is to the Golden Century of Spain's history, its Age of Faith and Chivalry, that Señor León chooses to hark back, and the aim of his book is to revive the motives of those times in an age of doubt and of materialism. It is a lofty aspiration,—nothing less, in fact, than a reincarnation of saintliness combined with the finer essence of that Quixotism which the author loves. Let us see how his object is accomplished.

The story opens as an idyll. In an out-of-the-way district of Castille,

Pelayo Crespo divides the evening of his days between the culture of a garden and the education of his daughter Isabel, a charming girl now on the verge of womanhood. Pelayo's early life has been disturbed by troubles of his own making, but peace has come to him through natural toil and intercourse with a friend. This friend, to whom he owes so much, both morally and materially, is Fernando Villalaz, a gentleman of good estate and ancient lineage, still in the prime of life, but who has become blind by a sudden visitation. Far from sitting down to bewail his lot, however, he has set himself to make the most of life under its new conditions. In making others happy, he finds happiness for himself, and thus evolves a philosophy of consolation for the blind. The wife of Villalaz is Juana Flores, a woman of great beauty, to whom he is devoted, and with whom for a time he lives happily, notwithstanding her essential inferiority. But by degrees the incompatibility of their natures becomes evident. Juana is niggardly, and resents her husband's acts of benevolence. Her conversation is a mine of third-hand wisdom, and she hankers after town life. His forbearance is, however, inexhaustible. At this juncture a new actor comes on the scene in the person of Felipe Crespo, Pelayo's long-lost prodigal. Felipe has been by turns poet, journalist, and anarchist, has sunk to the depths of wretchedness and crime, and is now reduced to throwing himself on the goodness of the man who has already befriended and redeemed old Crespo. Villalaz lends an ear to his story, and appoints him his amanuensis, very much to Dona Juana's displeasure. But by dint of assiduous attention, Felipe overcomes her prejudice. The wedding of Isabel to a young gardener who assists her father gives occasion for a pleasing description

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of old Castilian marriage-customs, and from that point onward the story loses its idyllic character. A baptism follows the wedding, for, to the joy of Villalaz, his wife has at last given birth to a child. And it is not until now that we are made clearly aware of something unusual in Fernando's constitution. Noble in conduct, large-hearted and high-minded as he is, there is about him a touch of the hectic or neurotic, made manifest in the hearing of supernatural voices, and the seeing of visions similar to those of Santa Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. His doctor, a materialist, assigns these symptoms to hereditary epilepsy. Whilst praying with great fervor in his oratory, Fernando has his sight restored as unexpectedly as it had been taken away. His humble neighbors regard this as a miracle vouchsafed to his saintliness. Yet from this moment his happiness fails. For the world upon which his eyes have opened is not that on which they had closed. His life has changed, and signs and hints make it apparent that there is something wrong in his *entourage*. Then, upon a night of storm, comes discovery of the guilty passion of Juana and Felipe, who decamp. The babe, which is Felipe's, dies, and even Pelayo, with his daughter and her husband, are driven by shame to desert their benefactor. But it is out of the ruin of his life that Fernando rises to his full moral stature. Having changed his name and parted with all property, he goes out into the highways as a self-appointed minister of Christ. He meets with various adventures, talks with strangers by the way, is reviled, imprisoned, persecuted; wanders, as Quixote did before him, through the ancient province of La Mancha; isolates himself in the wilderness for prayer and fasting. One trial alone is spared him, but that the greatest—his faith never fails him. It says

much for the author's sincerity and enthusiasm for his subject that he succeeds in making this section of his book the most moving of all. Fernando's mission is a great success. Whilst himself rising to the heights of spirituality, he is the means of winning many souls to Christ. Meantime his wife has died, repentant and rejected by her paramour, which sets him free to enrol himself in the Franciscan Order. As Brother Francisco de Jesus, he is about to set sail to join the Indian Mission, when he is summoned to the death-bed of a leper. This is the man who has so greatly wronged him. In the scene which follows, physical horror is wrought up with spiritual beauty in a manner truly Spanish. Indeed the incident is manifestly suggested by an episode in the Cid's life. Thus is the twentieth-century reader invited to walk in the footprints of him of the eleventh century. Certain northern critics will possibly

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find this scene too strong for their taste. At the worst, it provides an effective climax to a remarkable story.

There are novels which demand to be judged by their teaching, as others are by their art. "El Amor de los Amores" is of the former class. For though Señor León writes well, if scarcely with the mastery of the author of "Sangre y Arena," yet in him the evangelist rises far above the artist. It were ungenerous to dismiss his book as a mere impassioned pleading with History to "bring back the mastodon." For it is clear that in his view the spirit of the Golden Century of Spain, her age of Faith and Chivalry, may be at least in part revived. And yet he seems to "hedge." For by choosing an epileptic for his hero, has he not conceded something to those who would find in every career of wholesale self-devotion its part of Quixotism or doubtful sanity?

PROSE AND VERSE.

An eminent poet once described poetry as "the stuff which poets write." An excellent definition, complete and satisfying. We know what a poem is when we see it; we can recognize prose also by its shape and form; and we are content to go no further than the poet's own definition. But the simple method of separating poetry from prose by form alone does not please the critics, and for many years we have been presented with new definitions and new differences. One reason for this display of ingenuity has been, we think, the desire of excluding Pope and the poets of the eighteenth century from the list of poets. The controversy has raged ever since Warton, and is not finished yet. But, in any case, the reason given is unjust and

insufficient, and Pope will survive with Horace, in the first rank of poets until the end of time.

However, Sir Henry Newbolt has no doubts. In his "New Study of English Poetry" he asks the question, "What is Poetry?" And he answers it with an unwavering dogmatism. "We have fostered a delusion," he says,—"the very common belief that prose is prose and verse is verse, that the essential difference is the difference of form, not of substance." The "delusion" is common, and, we believe, no delusion at all. Prose is prose and verse is verse, each a beautiful and delicate art, which obeys its own rules and wins its own triumphs. But if verse is not verse and prose is not prose, what are they? "Poetry,"

says Sir Henry Newbolt, "is the expression in human language of our intuitions: prose is the expression of our judgments." Accordingly, from what he calls "prose," he would exclude all emotion. "The 'real' world," says he, "the world of reason, of prose, has of its own nature no passion, no humor, no true drama." It follows from this that "a novel is essentially poetry"; and he quotes in support the fact that "Tom Jones" has often been called an epic—as indeed it has,—but he might have added that it is so called by way of metaphor.

Even if we accepted Sir Henry Newbolt's argument—and we do not accept it—we should find his definition far too narrow. If we say that poetry is merely an expression of intuitions, we should exclude nearly all the poets that ever lived from Parnassus. What becomes of Matthew Arnold's saying, "criticism of life," if judgments be forbidden to poets? Surely criticism—judgment—is not intuition. And are Shakespeare and Dumas, Wordsworth and Shelley, to take a few examples, merely expressing their "intuitions" in human language? Have not knowledge and research, philosophy and judgment, all been concerned in the making of their works? We think that they have, and we look about us in vain for poets amiable enough to fit the definition which Sir Henry Newbolt has framed for them. And, indeed, he does not seem to hold very fast to his own definition. Having assured us that verse is not verse and that prose is not prose, he tells us also that "poetry is more akin to dancing than to song," and fails to explain by what tie the novel, which he calls poetry, is related to the dance. Nor does he in his book use "poetry" in the new sense of his own definition. He admits that "prosody, or metric law, there must be to save the gesture from becoming invertebrate"; and the rhythm which

he discusses is appropriate only to what the world has always recognized as poetry. Apply it to the novel, and it has no meaning; apply it to the eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne, and it is wholly irrelevant. Thus Sir Henry is driven back upon the old sound convention, which he further strengthens by choosing all his examples from writers whose title of poet has never been disputed. We might have understood his new study of poetry better if he had mingled what we know as prose and verse for the purpose of illustration. He has not done this, and we are forced to think that he is not wholly confident of his own definition.

The truth is that the real essential of poetry is meter. Those who would judge literature by its subject and not by its form will land themselves in a bog of confusion and prejudice. Incidentally, they will demand that we should re-write all the books that have ever been written upon the art of letters. Prose and verse have an intelligible and authoritative meaning. There is bad verse and bad prose, but if there be meter for good or evil, there is poetry. It is bad poetry when it is not intense and vivid in expression, but it is unfair to burden prose with the sins and failings of second-rate poets. It is not great poetry when it is obviously argumentative; it is not great prose either. But meter is the dividing line, and meter is not "mere decoration"; it belongs originally to the ear and mind of the writer. The stuff which Pope wrote, for instance, was poetry, because he wrote in verse, and he must be tried by the standard which he chose for himself.

As we have said, the chief reason why critics have invented new definitions of prose and poetry is that they have wished to exclude Pope and the "classics" from the company of the poets. The attempt was made at the

very outset of the Romantic movement. Pope was as reticent about nature as were the Greeks, who loved the world about them no less because they understood the proper use of a background. It was thought that Pope showed an exclusive interest in "the manners and characters of refined society," and he was not permitted to hide behind the august precedent of Horace, who himself was no better than a classic. It was the excellent Joseph Warton who led the attack, with moderation, for the most part, and good sense. At the outset he was so far from denying Pope the name of poet, that he placed him "next to Milton and above Dryden." Here is what he says in his preface: "I love the memory of Pope, I respect and honor his abilities; but I do not think him at the head of his profession. In other words, in that species of poetry wherein Pope excelled, he is superior to all mankind: and I only say that this species of poetry is not the most excellent one of the art." That is a perfectly clear and reasonable statement. Pope's species is not the most excellent. It would be idle to compare him with Shakespeare or Milton, with Coleridge or Wordsworth, with Keats or Shelley. But he achieved the end at which he aimed with an easy mastery, and it is absurd to deny him the name of poet. If he be denied, then Horace and Juvenal and Boileau himself must be shut out from the paradise of fame.

However, Joseph Warton, not content with doing a simple justice to Pope blundered presently into a suggestion that perhaps after all Pope was something less than a poet. So with the triumph of the Romantic Movement, Pope fell deeper into the pit of obloquy, and suffered almost as much from the indiscretion of friends as from the acrimony of foes. Coleridge, indeed, like the poor critic that he was, re-

pented him of an adverse opinion. "I was not blind to the merits of this school," he wrote in his "Biographia Literaria," "yet as from inexperience of the world, and consequent want of sympathy with the general subjects of the poems, they gave me little pleasure, I doubtless undervalued the *kind*, and with the presumption of youth withheld from its masters the legitimate name of poets." An honest confession, truly! Nor will those for whom the words "prose" and "verse" are mere delusions find much comfort in Coleridge's definition. "If the definition sought for," he wrote, "be that of a *legitimate* poem, I conceive it must be one the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with and supporting the known influences of metrical arrangement." That definition would suit Pope's works perfectly. It would not suit any novel that has ever been written.

The desire, which many critics acknowledge,—a desire which we suspect is shared by Sir Henry Newbolt, —to exclude the admirable work of the eighteenth century from the true body of English poetry, was encouraged also by Matthew Arnold, who asserted that Dryden and Pope "are not the classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose." Dryden, to be sure, was a classic of our prose, which he fashioned into the instrument which we know today. To us he seems also a classic of our poetry, and if Pope wins not his place by his poetry, he wins it not at all. The translation of Homer, defective though it may be as an English version, is assuredly not a thing of prose or reason. Who shall reduce "The Rape of the Lock" to the level of a prosaic rule? In the kingdom of poetry are many mansions, and not even the authority of Matthew Arnold shall oust Pope and Dryden from the honored, if humbler, places

which they hold by the side of Shakespeare, Milton, and the rest. Moreover, it is not without significance that Coleridge found the same fault with Wordsworth which Matthew Arnold and others have found with Pope and Dryden. He discovered a "matter-of-factness" in certain poems. "To this *accidentality* I object," he wrote, "as contravening the essence of poetry, which Aristotle pronounces to be the most intense, weighty, and philosophical product of human art!" There it is, Matthew Arnold's own favorite quotation! Shall we then, on the double authority of Arnold and Coleridge, bracket Pope and Wordsworth as exponents of the matter-of-fact?

For Sir Henry Newbolt poetry is a word of praise, prose is a word of blame, and he shows the bent of his mind by describing novels as "essentially poetry," even though they contain a large amount of prosaic detail and reflections by the author. Here, as it seems to us, he gives his case away completely. He would even admit among poems the sad works of M. Zola, the offal of unnumbered notebooks, confessing at the same time that they are "less poetical" than Mr. Hardy's novels, as indeed they are. But poems he believes them to be, and thus does them more than justice. On the other hand, he is wholly unjust to the writers of great prose who have written no novels, and yet have regarded their business as a delicate art. He is guilty of the double sin of inclusion and of exclusion. Now prose is an art, wholly separate from the art of verse, governed by different rules and shaped by different purposes. Aristotle explained the difference once and for all ways, when he defined prose as being "without meter and not without rhythm." With that definition in our mind we can take an understanding pride in the progress of our

English prose. We need give it no false name. It does not masquerade as poetry, which it is not. Nor is it, at its highest, a mere expression of reason or argument. It is prose, which keeps within its own limits, and which demands that it should be tried by its own standard, and not by the standard of poetry. By the form which governs it, not by the subject which animates it, it asks to be tested. And it has lived a flourishing life, apart from poetry, for many centuries.

Look where you will in our prose, and you will find a rhythm and a beauty which are not the rhythm and beauty of verse. Prose may be translated into verse, or verse into prose, and each take on a new shape and form. Turn to North's "Plutarch," which is a work not of intuition but of translation, and note how Shakespeare lifted the splendid prose of North into the higher realm of his poetry. Or in the other direction compare the august entrance of Dalila in "Samson Agonistes":

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?—

Female of sex it seems,—

That so bedecked, ornate and gay,

Comes this way, sailing

Like a stately ship

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,—

compare this, we say, with Congreve's modest prose: "Here she comes i' faith, full sail with her fan spread and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders; ha, no, I cry her mercy!" The substance is the same in either case, but prose and verse each finds his proper shape. And if you would contemplate prose of another quality, open the works of Sir Thomas Browne at random, and light upon this: "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the

memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burned the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is likely to live as long as Agamemnon." This passage is not intuition; it contains argument and research; it is not extracted from a novel. It is merely prose, noble and rotund; it seeks no inclusion in a poem, to which it does not belong; and it will live, as prose, as long as our English speech.

By the habit and tradition of our tongue and race verse is verse and prose is prose. In spite of Sir Henry Newbolt, we refuse to believe that we have "fostered a delusion," and see no profit in giving new names to old things. But Sir Henry Newbolt, following Matthew Arnold, does not think much of tradition. He says by way of reproach that the English are "accustomed to value tradition highly for the sake of comfort; as one values old boots, even when they are no longer very sound or presentable." Happily the English have valued tradition highly, but not merely for the sake of comfort. They have understood—and herein lies their greatness—that life and art are tradition and nothing else. Our writers of prose and poetry have been lantern-bearers always. They have handed on the lamp, duly trimmed, from generation to generation. There is not one of them worthy to be remembered who does not owe his sense of beauty and wisdom to the past. Even where he has seemed an innovator, he has but gone no further back for his models than the last generation. If Keats

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owed little to the classical school, he owed a vast deal to Drayton and Browne and Fletcher and Spenser. Sir Henry Newbolt thinks that all our great poets have been innovators. Truly they have added something of their own, yet how small their innovations seem when we look back upon them! No greater than the innovation which caused a riot at the first performance of "Hernani"—a bold *enjambement*. Indeed, he who does not value tradition highly is an anarchy who, despising all the rules discovered in the past, would make for himself a new system and a new world, who would pit against the gathered wisdom of two thousand years the cunning and the cleverness of a single brain. This enterprise of anarchy is fortunately impossible. Whether we wish it or not, we are bound to the past by an unbreakable chain. We cannot rid ourselves of our splendid inheritance. If we could, we should be born again, each one of us, into a stone age, and compelled to fight for our sustenance against our fellows.

Sir Henry Newbolt, himself a professor, says harsh things about his kind. Nevertheless we will conclude our friendly argument with him by quoting what Professor W. P. Ker has to say about Burns. "It is a great thing," says he, "for an artist to inherit a strong tradition, to belong to a school. It means that he has all the strength of his own and the last generation to draw upon; he does not waste his time in solitary adventures; he is not left to himself; he is saved from caprice and melancholy, from the fate of Chatterton." That is true. Deprived of a tradition, the poet and the writer of prose alike will squander their years in vain experiment, and will die without the happy consciousness of security, without discovering that in art, as in life, the old ways are best.

"THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE."

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Auntie Naarah had also reached her destination. It had been a long journey, with its frequent stoppages, but she had hardly noticed its tediousness.

Seated in a corner of the compartment, her back to the engine, as she had always been brought up to sit, Auntie Naarah, oblivious of her fellow-passengers, let her thoughts go back to the romance of her youth, when Edward Strachan's father, a young subaltern, had loved and wooed her.

More vividly than she remembered the happenings of yesterday did she recall the fleeting days of promise too soon to be nipped in the bud by the chill frost of parental disapproval. They had met at a country house, where both were on a visit, and had fallen in love at first sight. The lonely woman, hard-featured, whom none of her fellow-passengers would probably have credited with ever having had a lover, saw herself once again a fair young girl modest, retiring, as girls of the early Victorian era were trained to be. She saw him—Edward Strachan—the handsome, dare-devil lieutenant with whom she had wandered hand-in-hand along the yew-hedged walks of the old-world garden.

She heard him speak her name—"Naarah"—saying that he loved its quaintness, and poor Auntie Naarah, who had been so called by a Puritan father and mother because the name had a Biblical sound and signified "handmaid," which subservient position was right and fitting for women in the eyes of all the Churches, felt that she too would like it. She loved it still more after her lover went to India. It sounded an Indian name to her then. A dusky Indian maid

might have borne it, she thought. Those few days of Auntie Naarah's memorable visit, which passed with the swiftness of a weaver's shuttle, were all the time she and her lover had together.

After Naarah's return, Lieutenant Strachan had come boldly to her parents' home to ask sanction for their engagement. Had it been given, he intended to ask further that they might be married before he left with his regiment for India in a few weeks. But the permission was never granted.

Naarah's parents belonged to a dour and narrow-minded set of the Church, and to them the mere fact of young Strachan being in the army was a sufficient ban to the union. The army for them stood for idleness, extravagance, and everything that was undesirable. None of their kin on either side had ever had anything to do with it. The old lines,

The scarlet coats, the scarlet coats,
They are a graceless set,

barely expressed the case to their minds. They were of the considerable class (surviving today in the form of conscientious objectors) which, while desirous of its property and lives being protected by the Services, yet illogically disapproved of the army and navy. It was wicked to fight; at the same time, it was only right that civilians and their possessions should be securely guarded from an invading enemy. But when Edward Strachan tried to make Naarah's parents see the inconsistency of such reasoning, they turned and rent him.

No child of theirs should marry a godless soldier! In vain Naarah wept and implored; in vain her lover brought all his powers of argument and persuasion to influence them

They were deaf to entreaty and remonstrance. They would rather, they told the young man plainly, see their daughter dead than married to him—a man who lived by the sword!

And so it ended. The lovers were ruthlessly parted; they were even forbidden to correspond. The episode was to be considered finished. Lieutenant Strachan sailed for India, where, after a couple of years, he married, his wife dying at the birth of the son, on whose shortcomings Lawyer Knowles had held forth to his aunt that afternoon. Later on, having distinguished himself in the Afghan campaign, Edward Strachan, then Major Strachan, died in the Punjab.

Naarah never saw him again. She, under the autocratic sway of mid-Victorian parents, settled down to the dreary shut-in life which was the lot of ordinary middle-class girls at that time. She grew hard and bitter. Small wonder, seeing how her life and nature had been thwarted. But her parents were quite satisfied with their judgment. It was better for Naarah to be an old maid than to have married as she had wished. They left her well off when they died, and money henceforth became Auntie Naarah's god.

She never saw her lover again, but she saw his son.

Major Strachan had told his boy, if ever he had the chance, to look up a Miss Naarah Knowles (somehow he felt sure she could never have married anyone else), and Fate made their meeting extraordinarily easy. As it happened, the young man had relatives who had come to live in the town near which Auntie Naarah's lonely house was situated, and whenever he went to visit his kin he used to try to come over to see the woman whom his father's old letters, tied with ribbon and smelling of dead roses, had told him how he had loved.

Auntie Naarah awoke from her day-

dreams with a start when the train crawled into Tussocks Station that afternoon. It was drizzling outside, but she set off bravely to trudge the mile and a half to her home.

In due time she arrived at the garden gate. It hung on one hinge, because repairs cost money, and Auntie Naarah never spent a half-penny if she could help it. She passed through into the garden, past its straggling shrubs and bushes—never cut and trimmed for the same reason—and rang at her front-door. Jean, a middle-aged servant, who had put up with her mistress's irritating ways for a number of years, opened to her.

"You've got back?" she said. "And there's a visitor to see you." She threw open the parlor door as she spoke, and there, pacing up and down the room in the faint light of a half-turned-up, evil-smelling oil-lamp, stood what looked for the moment to Auntie Naarah's blinking eyes—the vision of her dead lover, Major Strachan!

It was his son.

"Well, Miss Knowles," he cried, coming forward to meet her in his hearty, impulsive manner, "I've just come to say goodbye. I'm going out the day after tomorrow."

Auntie Naarah shook hands; then, walking across to the table, turned up the lamp. The young man in his khaki stood revealed. A fine, well-set-up fellow, good to look upon with his fair, open countenance and fearless blue eyes.

Auntie Naarah nodded two or three times, which might have signified her approval. "Bring tea," she said curtly to Jean, who waited for orders. "So you've enlisted?" she added.

"Yes, and been hard at it for the last three months. Never knew what work was before," said Edward Strachan with a laugh. "Now I think there's no limit to my endurance."

"Humph! Well, you couldn't have

done better." A gleam of softness came into Auntie Naarah's eyes. "Try to be as good a man and a soldier as your father, and you'll do."

"I'll try to," he answered softly.

At tea Auntie Naarah gave him a brief homily. He must do his best; and she hoped—she quite hoped—that the discipline of the army, so necessary to a young man, and the hard work, would do Edward a great deal of good; and that when the war ended he would either remain in the army or settle down to some business at which he could stick.

"There must be no more chopping and changing about, Edward, because this, that, and the other doesn't suit," she said; "you must work."

Edward agreed. "Probably I shall stick to my new job," he said.

Auntie Naarah passed him a plate of stale cake, which was cut up into "ladies' fingers," and only came out on the rare afternoons when a visitor was present.

"I have done a momentous thing today," she said solemnly.

"Indeed!" The young man, trying to make two mouthfuls of his cake, looked up, surprised.

"Yes. I have made and signed my will," was the weighty response.

"I suppose that's a good thing," remarked Edward. He did not know quite what was the correct thing to say under such circumstances. Personally he had no need to make a will before he went out, as he had nothing to leave. His shilling a day and a trifle in the P. O. was all his worldly store.

"And," went on Auntie Naarah, fixing him with a stony stare, "I have left *all* my property to my nephew and nieces—the children of my late brother, George Knowles."

"Quite right, I should say," replied Edward cheerfully.

Money was nothing to him, he not

belonging exactly to the vast clan who are "wiser in their generation than the children of light." He lived almost as carelessly and without thought for the future as the birds of the air. If he had made a little money, it might be by backing a lucky horse, he spent it freely and generously. If he had in turn to live frugally and abjure pleasures, he took it all philosophically as in the day's work.

Soon after he bade his adieus; and Auntie Naarah, putting out the lamp, sat in silence over the smoldering ashes on the hearth till bedtime, living again, in *memory*, the one paradise out of which, as Richter says truly, we cannot be driven.

A day or two after, in reply to a letter to her nieces, which was rather in the nature of a royal command, asking one of them to come and make a lengthy stay, she received the following reply:

The Chain House,
Crabtree, November '15.

Dear Auntie Naarah,—Thank you so much for your kind invitation, which one of us would have been very pleased to accept (Auntie Naarah snorted), but unfortunately just now we are *all* engaged, so shall not be able to enjoy the pleasure of your company just yet. It is very tiresome how things happen like this. However, as you make a point of one coming as soon as possible, we have ventured to send a substitute.

Miss Brooke is a very nice, quiet girl. She has been in Edward's employ as a typist, but he is quite willing to spare her for a little while till Mary (whose privilege it is to visit you next) is at liberty. She is engaged with an old school-fellow. I think you will like Miss Brooke, and we have tried to instil into her your requirements.

Mary will look forward to coming a little later.

We are all very busy just now working for others, and all our spare

time is spent in knitting for soldiers.

We were so glad to hear a pretty good report of you the other day from Herbert. With love from us all,

Your affectionate niece,

Ellen Knowles.

Auntie Naarah read the letter through twice, a red spot of indignation burning on her high cheek-bones. "*Too busy! Working for others! What about me?*" she muttered angrily. "I suppose they could knit socks here as well as at Crabtree. Humph!" She snorted again. "Send me a type-writing minx! What do I want with her? A strange girl, who would eat like a horse, I expect! I never heard of such a thing! Never!"

With trembling fingers she was about to tear up the offending letter and throw it on the fire, but her habitual carefulness came to the rescue, and she proceeded to fold and tear it in lengths for "pipe-lighters" to save matches.

A few minutes later Jean, who had tramped in to Tussocks to do some marketing, and who had called at the post-office on her way home, brought in her mistress's frugal tea.

"Have you got the spare room ready as I ordered, Jean?" asked Auntie Naarah quickly.

"Yes, ma'am. It's all ready. I've had the warming-pan in the bed, and put away the best crockery, getting the odd service out. If one of your nieces was to come this very moment, she could just step up."

"They're not coming," said Auntie Naarah portentously.

"Not coming?" Jean looked aghast.

"No; they're engaged."

"What! all of them?"

"Each one, as it appears."

Jean sniffed. "Well, we can do without them," she said, adding, "I don't know as they aren't like the old turnpikes, as my uncle used to say—'more missed than wanted.'"

"But what do you think, Jean?" went on her mistress excitedly. "They're actually sending someone in their stead—a young girl out of an office."

Jean made the noise with her tongue against the roof of her mouth which is supposed to express surprised disapproval. "Well, if that isn't the limit, Miss Naarah! Send a stranger to their own kith and kin!"

Auntie Naarah nodded. "But I won't have it," she said. "I will not put up with such interference. My house is my castle, I suppose."

"One would think so," said Jean.

"And I am going to write at once, or directly I have had my tea, to forbid my nieces sending such a girl. That will surprise them."

"I reckon that will put the lid on," said Jean with a grim smile. And then they both started and looked at each other in dismay as wheels sounded in the road outside, and some vehicle drew up at the gate.

"Whatever—who can that be?" exclaimed Auntie Naarah.

Steps came up the path; the door-bell rang. Jean flew to answer it, and a cabman stepped over the threshold and put down a small portmanteau. Then Jean became aware of a slight, girlish figure standing behind him.

"Thank you," said a sweet, low voice. "I think this is right."

The cabman pocketed his fare, and went briskly back to his horse, and Jean cried, "Stop! What does this mean?" She stared at the visitor, who, looking somewhat surprised, had followed her luggage into the hall.

"I—I've come from the Misses Knowles at Crabtree," said the girl, adding anxiously, "Am I not expected?"

For answer Jean flung into the parlor, where her mistress was standing a few paces from the half-open door. "She's come, ma'am," she gasped.

"I—I never heard of such a thing in my life!" replied Auntie Naarah.

She glared at the doorway. The uninvited guest stood half-revealed in the opening. Then, summoning her courage, she came into the room. "I am Eva Brooke," she said timidly. "Your nieces sent me. I understood they had written, and that you would expect me this afternoon."

"You understood quite wrong. My nieces wrote, certainly, but I've only just read the letter, and I was about to write and tell them I would not receive you."

The girl flinched before the fierce gaze and manner of the infuriated Auntie Naarah. "I can go back," she faltered.

"Go back! How are you going to find your way back to the station in the dark? Absurd!" snapped Auntie Naarah. "You'll have to stay the night at any rate. It is most *provoking*."

"I didn't want to come," Eva protested. "But Mr. Knowles gave me no choice. If I had refused I should probably have lost my job in his office, and—and—I have my living to get."

"I dare say; I dare say."

Jean came to her mistress's elbow. "It isn't her fault, as I can see," she said in a stage-whisper. "Hadn't you better give her some tea? I'll bring another cup and plate."

Aunt Naarah grudgingly assented. "I dare say you'll be glad of some, now you are here," she said ungraciously, adding, "We live very plainly and frugally—no luxuries or dainties."

"I am used to living plainly," answered Eva. She might have appended to that statement that upon the salary Lawyer Knowles paid her it would have been impossible to do anything else.

Jean came bustling in with a small tray on which (quite unnecessarily, her mistress thought) she had put a plate

of cake fingers which had been brought out for Edward Strachan. "The spare room is all ready," she murmured reassuringly to the unexpected visitor.

Jean liked the look of the girl, and inwardly decided that she would be an improvement on the Misses Knowles. Certainly Eva Brooke was fair to look upon, with her clear, pale complexion, smooth dark hair, and soft gray eyes shadowed by black lashes.

Jean hoped she would stay. The Hermitage, as it was fitly called, was a dull enough place; a little young life might enliven it somewhat. When she showed the stranger to her room Jean took the opportunity of giving her a few hints as to her behavior to Miss Naarah.

"She's difficult. No gainsaying that," said Jean. "But I believe she's got a heart somewhere. Just you humor her a bit; and don't argue, whatever you do. Miss Mary Knowles, she tries that on when she stays here, and they pretty nearly come to blows."

"Poor old lady! it must be very lonely for her here," said Eva compassionately. She glanced at the funereally hung four-post bedstead, and wished herself back at her Crabtree lodgings.

"It is that," acquiesced Jean. "But Miss Naarah, she never was one to make friends."

Eva thought that first evening would never end. Auntie Naarah showed her resentment at the intrusion by a stony silence; but after supper—a Barmecide feast, brought in from motives of economy close on the heels of tea—she relaxed a little.

Could Miss Brooke play cribbage?

Miss Brooke could. She had been well drilled by her invalid father at that curiously arithmetical game. The board was got out accordingly, and they played for some time. Auntie Naarah found her new companion was

much quicker at counting than her nieces. Also, she did not forget to take for "his nob" or "his heels," an omission which Auntie Naarah always felt very irritating.

Next morning, when Eva Brooke tentatively made an inquiry about trains, Auntie Naarah replied that there was no hurry; she had better wait till the morrow. And when the morrow came it was the same.

"Do you know, Jean, I'm half-inclined to let the young lady stay on a while," she said.

"Why not?" returned Jean. "She seems a kindly body, and gives no trouble; and as for her keep, she doesn't eat more than a canary."

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

Isabel Smith.

THE SUPERIOR SEX.

"You are late again," said Clara, as I entered our domestic portal. "What is it this time?"

Gently but firmly I explained the reason. A certain amount of tact was necessary, for my wife does not care for any remarks that appear to reflect upon her sex.

"Owing to the present abnormal state of things, my dear," I said, "our office is now almost entirely staffed by women. In many ways this is an improvement. Their refining influence upon the dress and deportment of the few remaining male members of the staff is distinctly noticeable. But there are, I regret to say, certain drawbacks. Admittedly our superiors in many respects, in others they are not, I am afraid, equal to the situation. Take, for instance, matters of detail where you—I mean they—should excel. I asked Miss Philpott to write a letter——"

"Did you post that letter for me this morning?" said Clara. "If Mrs.

Auntie Naarah's miserly soul had noticed the visitor's small appetite with approval. Perhaps, if the truth were known, this had been the determining point in her favor. Anyhow, it ended in Eva Brooke's staying on for the present.

In accordance with her promise to Lawyer Knowles before she started, Eva wrote a brief summary of the state of affairs. Miss Naarah was pretty well, and she herself seemed to be giving satisfaction. Auntie Naarah did not trouble to write to her nieces; they had taken too much upon themselves, and must be made aware of the fact. Auntie Naarah would teach her legates to dictate to her!

Roberts doesn't get it she won't know where to meet me tomorrow."

It is a woman's privilege to wander from the point at issue. I told Clara somewhat shortly that I had posted the letter, although naturally I did not remember doing so. A man who has hundreds of petty details to deal with every day, as I have, develops an automatic memory—a subconscious mechanism which never fails him.

I explained this to Clara. "Not once in five thousand times would it allow me to pass the pillar-box with an unposted letter in my pocket. Perhaps it is the vivid red——"

"And perhaps your vivid imagination," said my wife. "Well, I am glad you posted the letter, for Mrs. Roberts, as you know, never received the one you posted ten days ago."

"I took that matter up very firmly with the local postmaster," I said. "He explained to me that letters are now almost entirely sorted and delivered by women, and he was afraid

mistakes sometimes happened. And just to satisfy you about this last one, which I put as usual in my breast pocket at the back of my other papers—" I produced the contents of my pocket. As I expected the letter was not there.

"Why do you carry so many papers in your pockets? What are they all about?"

"Candidly, my dear, I do not know. Without the element of surprise life would be unbearably monotonous. That element I deliberately carry with me in my breast pocket. When a dull moment comes I empty my pockets. It would surprise you—"

"Nothing you do surprises me," said Clara. "Now go upstairs, please, and make yourself tidy. Have a dull moment—not more than one, for dinner is nearly ready—and get rid of those papers."

Although my wife has not a logical process of thought, at times she makes sensible remarks. I took her advice. As I anticipated I had some surprises.

A few important business memoranda, a sugar form, two income tax demands, a number of private letters and an unpaid coal account made up the collection. There was really nothing I could part with. Luckily I found two duplicates of the coal account. These I could spare. As I
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opened one of them Mrs. Roberts's letter fell out of it.

I had just time to catch the post. I managed to reach the front door unobserved. My wife opened the dining-room window to tell me that dinner was ready. I told her I had forgotten to post a very important business letter. "A most unusual occurrence," I said.

"Mary can post it for you. Dinner's on the table." Clara extended her hand for the letter. I explained that it was so very important that I could not even trust Mary.

"Mary's sex is, of course, against her," said my wife, "but I'll tell her to hold the letter out at arm's length. You can see her all the way from the window and watch her put it in the pillar-box."

A little candor is sometimes necessary.

"Strangely enough," I said, "the five-thousandth chance has come off. It is true the letter is important, but the business is yours, and the letter is addressed to Mrs. Roberts. I forgot to post it this morning."

"I know you did," said Clara. "You left it behind, and I posted it myself."

Here I saw that I was going to score. "Then what is this?" I asked in triumph.

"This," said Clara, taking it from me, "is the letter you forgot to post ten days ago."

PALESTINE FOR THE JEWS.

General Allenby's brilliant opening of the campaign in Palestine lends significance to the agitation among British Jews for "the reconstitution of Palestine as the National Home of the Jewish People," to which the Government have promised their support. The idea is very old—so old indeed that it has for many Jews ceased to possess any secular meaning.

We may look back through the ages to the fatal year 134, when Hadrian took Jerusalem, stamped out Bar Cochba's revolt in blood and forbade the Jews to settle again in Judæa, and trace the more or less feeble efforts of the oppressed people to regain their old home. But as the centuries passed the Jews of the Dispersion were confirmed in the belief that the return

to Zion, for which they prayed in their synagogues, would not be accomplished in this world; a very small minority interpreted literally their traditional longings and migrated to the Holy Land. It is true that Palestine offered few attractions for energetic traders and artisans. The Mongol and Tartar invasions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries worked havoc throughout the Near East, and Palestine was laid waste with such barbaric thoroughness that it has never yet recovered from the shock. The early Turkish Sultans, and especially Solyman the Magnificent, Henry VIII's contemporary, were friendly to the Jews, as the Caliphs had been before them, and admitted the refugees fleeing from the Spanish Inquisition. The later Sultans were not hostile, and little waves of immigration from Poland, Russia, Austria, and Roumania broke at long intervals on the silent shores where, as Gibbon says, once resounded the world's debate. Napoleon, with the insight of genius, proposed to found a Jewish State in Palestine when he was besieging Acre, but his proposal was coldly received in Jewry and was dropped. A few thousand Jews, virtually all immigrants or the descendants of immigrants, eked out a wretched existence in the decayed towns of Palestine. They were supported to a large extent by the "Chalukah," or system of charitable funds to which the Jews all over Europe contributed, nominally for the support of poor scholars studying in the Holy Places. This small and pauperized community offered no basis for a State such as Napoleon had in mind.

The revival of Palestine as a Jewish land may be said to date from about the year 1840, when Mehemet Ali's claim to Syria had set the Powers by the ears and directed attention to that part of the Turk's dominions.

Lord Palmerston, who had saved the Sultan from his Egyptian vassal, compelled the Turks to protect the Jews from the Druses and the Syrians, and appointed James Finn as Consul in Jerusalem with instructions to watch over the interests of all Jews. The first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, appointed in 1841, was a converted Jew. At the same time Sir Moses Montefiore and M. Crémieux, in an unofficial Jewish mission, reawakened the interest of their co-religionists in Palestine as a country to which the persecuted Jews might go. Mrs. Finn, the Consul's wife, set a practical example by founding outside Jerusalem "Abraham's Vineyard" where poor Jews were taught to labor on the land. Disraeli's witty novel, *Tancred*, illustrates the projects for a regenerated Palestine that were in the air in 1847; he made fun of his Christian hero's Quixotic plans for a crusade, but, as in his earlier and more specifically Jewish story, *Alroy*, he did not jest at the proposal to restore Zion. Scheme after scheme was floated for the establishment of a large Jewish population on the land. Several small colonies were actually founded, and the Jewish population of the towns began to increase rapidly. In 1840 there were said to be no more than thirteen thousand Jews in all Palestine. By 1880 there were fifteen thousand Jews in Jerusalem alone. George Eliot in *Daniel Deronda* (1876) expressed in eloquent terms the idea that Palestine should be "a republic where the Jewish spirit manifests itself in a new order founded on the old," and Laurence Oliphant a few years later tried hard to start a Jewish agricultural settlement east of the Jordan for some Roumanian refugees. But the Jews of Western Europe and America took little interest in the subject until it was forced upon them by the Russian "pogroms" in 1881 and 1882.

The thousands of wretched folk fleeing from the horrors of the Pale compelled their fellow-Jews in happier lands to consider whether a systematic emigration from Russia and Roumania to Palestine would not solve, at least in part, the problem of Jewry in Eastern Europe. Many of the refugees went to the Holy Land, and it is they who, with help from the West, formed the Jewish colonies which, until the war broke out, were prospering, especially at Tel Aviv, the garden suburb of Jaffa, and at Zichron Jacob, near Samaria, whose early Roumanian settlers were assisted by Oliphant. The universal compassion felt for the sufferers stirred Jewry to its depths. The society of "Chovevé Zion," or "Lovers of Zion," was founded in 1884, and soon had branches in all countries where Jews lived. Baron Edmond de Rothschild gave liberally both of his time and his money for the organization of the Jewish settlements, and especially for education in the widest sense. Baron Hirsch left £10,000,000 for the work of the Jewish Colonization Association. The political side of the new movement was still further emphasized when Dr. Theodore Herzl, the Austro-Parisian journalist, founded the Zionist organization in 1896, with the object of uniting all Jews the world over in an effort to set up a Jewish State. Dr. Herzl himself did not care very much where that State should be; but the first Zionist Congress, held at Basle in 1897, resolved that the Jewish home "secured by public law" should be in Palestine. The attempt to secure a charter from the Sultan failed. The Foreign Office in 1903 made a conditional offer of land in British East Africa, which was not accepted. Then the Jewish Territorial Organization, under the lead of Mr. Zangwill, prospected possible sites for Jewish colonies in Cyrenaica and in Angola, but

nothing came of these suggestions. Meanwhile the Zionist organization, with its administrative center in Germany, first at Cologne and then at Berlin, and its financial headquarters in London, continued in common with other Jewish societies, to assist the Jewish settlers in Palestine. The settlers suffered by the fall of Abdul Hamid, for the Young Turks made it clear from the outset that they would abolish all special privileges to alien races, and would, for example, compel Christians and Jews as well as Turks to serve in the Army. Yet before the war broke out the Jews in Palestine were prospering. They were said to number one hundred and twenty-five thousand—or ten times as many as the Palestinian Jews of 1840—and half of them lived in Jerusalem, which had once more become a predominantly Jewish city. Immigrants from Russia and Roumania continued to arrive, and work was found for them on the land. All that was needed to assure the growth of a Jewish community in Palestine was an honest and benevolent administration, but this the Young Turks neither could nor would provide.

It is apparent, then, that the proposal for the establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine is neither novel nor chimerical. The only new feature in the present agitation is the widespread favor with which, if we may judge from the reports in the Jewish Press, the Zionist resolution has been received at Jewish meetings throughout Great Britain. British Jews seem to be far more enthusiastic about Zionism than they ever were before the war, perhaps because, being a practical people, they see that the project can now be realized. The British Government, after a long and careful examination of the scheme, have promised to use their best endeavors to carry it out, and we understand that President Wilson is a hearty supporter of the

project. Turkey made war on the Allies, and thus pronounced her own death sentence. When we have won the war, the Turks will certainly be expelled from Europe, and will be deprived also of their non-Turkish dominions. Palestine and Syria, Mesopotamia and Armenia, will cease to be misruled by corrupt Turkish pashas. We need not speculate here as to the precise form of government which may be substituted for the Turkish despotism in each of these provinces. Whatever the Allies may determine in this matter, the chief problem will be to repopulate the solitudes which the Turk has created in the name of peace. Like Mesopotamia, Palestine cannot regain its long-lost prosperity unless it can attract large numbers of hard-working and intelligent immigrants. The Jews from Russia have shown that they can thrive in Palestine, with help and guidance from their kinsfolk in the West, and it is therefore desirable that they should be given the fullest opportunity of developing the latent resources of the country. Further, it would be folly to discourage the Jews in general from assisting the revival of the Holy Land, to which they are bound by ancient ties of religion and sentiment. With the support of so wealthy and influential a body, a Jewish settlement in Palestine might be expected to grow with sur-

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prising rapidity, provided always that order were maintained by some form of international control. From the British standpoint, it is essential that Palestine should no longer be in Turkish or German hands; but it is neither necessary nor desirable that we should become solely responsible for the administration of the country. A large and thriving Jewish settlement in the Holy Land, under the supervision of Great Britain, our Allies, and America, would make for peace and progress in the Near East, and would thus accord with British policy. It is not to be supposed that Palestine could ever support more than a small proportion of the Jewish race. There are probably more than twelve million Jews in the world, of whom far more than half live in Russia and Austria. Generations may pass before Palestine is capable of maintaining with comfort a million Jewish inhabitants, though it is, as Mr. Albert Hyamson says in his very able new book, *Palestine* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 10s. 6d. net), a "land laid waste" and not by any means a desert. But a little Jewish State in Palestine would serve as a rallying-point for Jews all over the world, and it would confer a benefit also on the Christian and the Moslem worlds, which are equally interested in the Holy Land and its undying religious memories.

THE KAISER'S SPEECH AND THE ANSWER.

The German Emperor celebrated Christmas by one of those speeches which throw an occasional flash of light upon the real character of the war. He was addressing his Second Army in the field, and due allowance must be made for the need of encouraging troops which have borne the whole brunt of the year's campaign;

which have seen division after division worn out and withdrawn; which, in spite of complete freedom to reinforce them from the Eastern front, find themselves still farther from victory than when the year began. It was inevitable, for instance, that "the blow in the East"—in other words, the internal disorganization of Russia—

should be distorted by this time, for the purpose of encouragement, into a triumph of the German arms. It was equally expedient that the German line on the Western front, which is virtually the whole fighting strength of the German Army, should be represented as a kind of self-sacrificing rearguard, left at the mercy of "unparalleled drumfire" while great military victories were being scored in other parts of the world. The picture is incredibly remote from the facts, but it may serve as a temporary tonic. What is really amazing about the speech is that, at this moment of all others, it should exhume the old stale blasphemies of a God in league with the Kaiser. "This year," exclaims the ravisher of Belgium, "has proved that the German people has in the Lord of Creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom it can absolutely rely." And again, "God's hand has visibly prevailed, punished treachery, and rewarded heroic perseverance. From this we can gain firm confidence that in the future also the Lord will be with us." And finally, "If the enemy does not want peace"—as a consequence of all these vaunted German victories—"then we must bring peace to the world by battering in with iron fist and shining sword the doors of those who will not have peace." There, in half a dozen sentences, is the whole creed of German "militarism" with its well-worn arrogant boast of Divine inspiration. No hint of peace except through a German triumph; no concession to the growing belief in a world set free for democracy and civilization; no conception of Christianity except as the religion of "the iron fist and the shining sword." It will be curious to see how these blunt assumptions of military victory will appeal, if they ever echo so far, to the poor Bolshevik dupes who fondly suppose that they are dealing with

equals at Brest-Litovsk. They can assuredly have but one effect upon the rest of the Allied peoples, among whom we still include the sounder part of Russia, and that is to nerve them afresh to a struggle which is more than ever revealed as the strife of light with darkness.

There is no such boastfulness in the Allied peoples, but there is no sign of weakening purpose. On the contrary, there is every sign of new determination and closer accord. Nothing could contrast more completely with the Kaiser's impious boasting than the various messages from the King to his soldiers and sailors and from the British Generals to their troops. All breathe alike the same spirit of gratitude and quiet confidence, and there will be heard among them one new and intensely interesting note in the greeting dispatched to their "American comrades" by the British forces which lay at Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. General Allenby's hope is that "through the achievement of their common purpose the law of force may yield to the force of law, and peace and good will reign at length on earth." That message contains at once the whole creed of the Alliance and the secret of achieving it. To those who can survey steadily the events of the last few weeks with all the disappointments that bulk so large at the end of the year, the greatest event of all has been the practical drawing together of the Western Powers, including that great Republic whose forces are thus for the first time welcomed as comrades in the field. There is no divergence between any of us about our main objects in fighting or about our will to achieve them. President Wilson, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando—one after another, in almost identical terms, they have pointed the fundamental difference between a peace negotiated on the

basis of German conquests and that permanent democratic peace which involves the destruction of "militarism." Such confused counsels as have sometimes been heard elsewhere are instantly detected, exposed, and abandoned under the pressure of popular opinion. The ideal of a League of Nations grows, but it is recognized everywhere now as the consummation of an Allied victory, not as a subject for bargaining with "the iron fist and shining sword" of Germany. The prospect of a never-ending economic war, the great bugbear of some doubters, is seen to depend in precisely the same fashion, on the completeness or incompleteness of the success of the Allied cause. There could be no end to economic friction under the conditions of a "patched up" peace. Even in the details of the territorial adjustment, which by common consent must precede a lasting settlement, there has been a very marked advance of late towards unity of program. We believe ourselves that the example of the British Labor Party, which, with some obvious shortcomings, has worked out a most elaborate scheme of "war aims," might well be more widely followed. That would tend at least to dispel some widespread illusions. But territorial adjustment, as everyone is agreed, is very largely a matter proper to the Conference after the war. We are still a long way indeed from practical discussions of that kind. The supreme territorial adjustment—the expulsion of Germany from all the lands which she has ruined—remains unfulfilled. On that score there is no question of a bargain, and all subsequent war aims are small by comparison.

Meanwhile this new unity of purpose corresponds with a new approach

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to unity of action. When the Prime Minister set himself to enumerate the outstanding features of 1917, he rightly laid special stress on two of them. The first was the entry of the United States into world politics. The second was the establishment of an Allied Council at Versailles. The two movements are closely associated—far more closely than ever occurred to those short-sighted critics who were prepared to damn the Versailles Council either as an unwarrantable interference with the soldiers or, alternatively, as a superfluous and unimportant body. Mr. Lloyd George was building better than the critics knew, perhaps better than he knew himself, when he insisted on closer union in the control of the war. The Council is still in its early days. There is no reason to suppose that either its powers or its *personnel* are anywhere near their final stage. But we have the assurance that it is already doing good work, and it is absolutely certain that, in some form or other, it will continue to grow more and more important. If proof of this were needed, it would be abundantly provided by the telegrams which reach us from the other side of the Atlantic. The Americans are coming into the war "with both feet." They are not diverted for a moment—they will only be antagonized—by the new suggestions of a peace to be based on cash and conquest. But they are plainly determined that their influence on the war shall not be diminished by any risks of conflicting counsels in Europe. The true answer to the Kaiser's speech is that the Allies are not only more determined in spirit, but that they are powerfully reinforced in numbers, and that they are tending every day towards greater unity of purpose and control.

CONSERVATIVE APHASIA.

Aphasia is the technical name for paralysis of the organs of speech. It is usually ascribed to some shock, or emotion of horror, when it is not due to tension. It reduces the patient to a pathetic pantomime of assent or dissent. Aphasia, due perhaps to the tension of the war, perhaps to horror of their present associates, has fallen upon the once great Conservative Party, whose members sit paralyzed and dumb whilst the Constitution is being taken to pieces before their eyes. How this terrible stroke of speechlessness has fallen upon a once powerful party is worth tracing, as it will surely amaze the historian of these times.

The business began with the Speaker's conspiracy. Mr. Lowther, who has in our judgment betrayed his party, and (if Mr. Arthur Henderson be right) his country, to the forces of Revolution, selected a conference of some thirty members of both Houses of Parliament, without including anyone of the rank of a statesman. The conclave met in secret, debated in secret, and hammered out in secret a scheme for the sudden enfranchisement of some six million women, and some four million men, the latter without any qualification of residence, or even without the condition of being legal adults. The electorate was thus, by a stroke of the pen, without any public discussion, still less without any mandate from the country, raised from eight to eighteen millions. The scheme of this medley of mediocrities was then presented to the House of Commons as a cut-and-dried Reform Bill, which must be accepted *tel quel*, without amendment, or else a breach of an honorable understanding would be committed. Who committed the House of Commons to this honorable,

or dishonorable, understanding, nobody knows. The House of Commons has exceeded its legal term of life, and had no right to swallow, as it did, in meek silence this vast Revolution. What were the leaders of the Conservative Party about? They were dumb dogs, every one, being smitten with aphasia. This bottomless and incalculable experiment in reform was hustled through the House of Commons, almost without debate, the newspapers grudging a column or two to the report, and if a stray Conservative ventured to protest, he was either not reported at all, or scolded in a leading article for embarrassing the Government, or violating an honorable understanding!

Exactly the same procedure was adopted with regard to Ireland. After the murderous and disgraceful rebellion of the Sinn Feiners, in which many English soldiers were killed, the existence of the Union of the three kingdoms was handed over to a Convention—ill-omened name!—which meets in secret, which debates in secret, and to whose proceedings the Press are forbidden by the Censor to allude. The leaders of the Conservative Party were once more dumbly acquiescent: the deadly disease of aphasia had spread to the Unionist rank and file. When the Convention, a secret and wholly illegal collection of individuals, has drawn up a plan for the dismemberment of the kingdom, it will be presented to Parliament as something that must be accepted as it stands, because we are at war, and because there is an honorable understanding!

The same procedure has been adopted with regard to the House of Lords. The composition of the Second Chamber—for it is tacitly

assumed that the hereditary House of Lords, more ancient than the House of Commons, must be abolished—is handed over to another secret Committee, with Lord Bryce in the Chair; and in due time the Legislature will be presented with its scheme of an elective Senate, which we shall be told must forthwith and without amendment or debate be legally created, because we are at war, and because there is an honorable understanding! Thus piece by piece, and chamber by chamber, the ancient fabric of the British Constitution is dismantled before our eyes, and the Conservative Party sits acquiescent, smitten with aphasia! Has then the British people no interest in its Constitution? Has it no right to be consulted, or even to be informed, before the process of demolition is ended beyond recognition?

This mad Reform Bill, which hands over the government of Britain to shop girls, factory girls, and boys from the front, comes up to the House of Lords; and Lord Salisbury makes a pathetically humiliating speech, the mere pantomime of an Assembly smitten with aphasia. Without being pedantic, we are reminded of the last days of the Roman Senate. But there were two remarkable speeches, those of Lord Bryce and Lord Sydenham, neither of them party leaders, but both men of independent mind, who, nominally belonging to opposite sides, have arrived at similar conclusions about unlimited democracy, which are very much those of all thinkers on the subject. Lord Bryce said that there was no evidence that the nation, or even the women, desired the enfranchisement of six million women, which must lead quickly to the enfranchisement of all women. "The immense majority of women are not qualified by their way of life, by their knowledge, and by the interest they take in

public affairs, to use the vote to their advantage and that of the nation. . . . No sufficient reason has been shown why we, with all the large and difficult problems, national and imperial, that now confront us, should, without any expression of the people's will, be the first great nation to launch out into what for us is a wide and uncharted sea." These are weighty words from a philosophic Radical. Lord Sydenham said this was the "most revolutionary and controversial measure which had ever been before that House, and the time chosen for its introduction was that of the greatest crisis in the nation's history, when the House of Commons did not represent the opinion of the country, and when oft-repeated declarations had been made that no controversial measures should be introduced during the war. . . . Were women really fit to govern the Empire? . . . It would add very greatly to those forces of Socialism which would ruin any industrial or commercial state." These are fragments of a really statesmanlike speech, obviously compressed by the newspapers, which ended by inviting the House of Lords to insist that no revolutionary change should be made until the will of the people had been expressed at a General Election. But the older and more experienced part of the nation, who now compose the register, will not be consulted. There will be no General Election until the polling booths can be flooded by young soldiers and their sweethearts, the silly instruments of the sinister forces of Revolution behind them. Mr. Arthur Henderson, an avowed Revolutionary Socialist, is frank enough to tell us that this Reform Bill spells Revolution, a more thorough and less clumsy Russian Revolution: and the Conservative Party and its leaders have been fools enough to help Mr. Henderson and his fellow con-

spirators to play their game, just as Mr. Bonar Law and the Conservative Party in the House of Commons were weak or wicked enough to support Mr. Lloyd George's message of congratulation to the wretches who deposed and imprisoned the Tsar. Mrs. Humphry Ward, who once had some authority with the *Times*, implores that journal to give publicity to her solemn appeal to the Conservative Party to resist, while there is yet time, this Bolshevik plot to ruin the country—those are not Mrs. Ward's words, but ours. The *Times*, with obvious ill-will, prints a few brief excerpts from the letter of this distinguished

The Saturday Review.

lady. The fact is, there is a conspiracy, a political conspiracy, between the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and the Northcliffe Press, to remodel our ancient Constitution upon a Socialistic basis. Anyone who opposes the conspiracy is stoned with any brick that comes handy, as a pacifist, or a capitalist, or a pro-German, or (in the last resort, and if he happens to be past middle age) as a dotard. The conspirators are resolved "to ruin or to rule the State," and they can afford to ignore with a smile or to silence with a bribe those dumb dogs, the leaders of the Conservative Party.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN WARTIME.*

Possibly there are changes to come in the Near East as the result of the war; but whatever form they may take, it is difficult to believe that they can rob Constantinople of its character as a hot-bed of intrigue, a sounding-board for rumor and gossip and scandal, and the home of clever, unscrupulous men whose mental processes few Europeans have ever come completely to understand. It is of Constantinople, however, that we know more than we do of any other enemy capital since the war began; and for this we are indebted very largely to the fact that America was able to maintain friendly relations with the Turk long after we had broken with him. Mr. Lewis Einstein, who knew Constantinople well under Abdul Hamid, and who left there an avowed Turcophil in 1909, returned early in 1915 as a special agent to assist the American Ambassador in protecting the interests of the Entente, remaining

there until the following September; and after the first few weeks he began to keep a diary. The views that he formed and his version of the course of events and of the trend of opinion in the city are borne out very closely by another observer who was in Constantinople during the same time and for many months afterwards—Dr. Harry Stuermer, then correspondent of the "*Kölnische Zeitung*," and so not a neutral but an enemy. Each of them has recorded his experiences in a book of deep interest; and if the revelations of a German who has become Germanophobe must be more strongly suspect even than those of a neutral whose neutrality was, to say the least, very lukewarm, it should be possible to make all due allowances and still to form a reasonably reliable impression of things as they were in Constantinople while we were hammering at the Dardanelles gate.

Constantinople, even in war time, is as strange to Western ideas as ever. "At the club," Mr. Einstein wrote, after the Dardanelles campaign had

*"Inside Constantinople." By Lewis Einstein. John Murray. 6s. net.
 "Two Years of War Seen at Constantinople." By Dr. H. Stuermer. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

begun, "the men who govern gamble daily; Talaat plays poker, and the Grand Vizier billiards." People, he tells us, lived in terror of the authorities and the authorities in terror of the people—quite, in fact, in the old, peaceful, Turkish way! And his estimate of Enver Pasha, whom he has known for many years, is of some value. It runs:

His calm confidence is impressive. Koloucheff hinted at a kind of mystic insanity in his nature. Yet this confidence saved the day here when everyone else had lost their heads after the Caucasus disaster. At present Enver is occupied in money-making. He uses his wife's fortune to buy land in Anatolia, and has lately purchased vast estates near Konia. The best agricultural land in Anatolia can now be bought for two piastres a deunum, he said, and he urged his friends to buy with him. His ambitions have perhaps not yet reached their zenith. He now aspires to wealth after having been born poor. He related that his mother was eleven years of age, his father, sixteen, when they married. His own life has been one series of adventures, and he has paradoxically achieved success through unsuccess, for his military adventures, whether in Tripoli, in the Balkan war, or in the Caucasus, have all been failures. But his courage and self-confidence have thus far been successful in a land where both virtues are rare, while he hitches his chariot to the German star. Add to that impartiality as an administrator—he removed his closest relations from office when they were found incompetent—and also a certain capacity for handling affairs, though he never has a memorandum. He remains a type of Oriental leader who may reach any height or die in the dust. He himself is said to expect assassination. If he escapes it, those who know him best believe he aspires to a crown, and aims to establish his own dynasty after the present Sultan has passed away, or possibly after his successor proves his unfitness.

The Westminster Gazette.

But Mr. Einstein quotes a rumor that both Enver and Talaat sent their harems, and the Orient Bank its gold, into Asia Minor when the situation in Gallipoli looked most threatening.

Dr. Stuermer is, naturally enough, at great pains to insist that his antagonism to his own country rests upon no personal grievance or hope of gain, but purely upon his sense of duty to "the cause of truth and civilization." His impressions of Constantinople are very much those of Mr. Einstein. They both detected a deep distrust of the Germans among the Turks, even in military circles. With regard to the Armenian massacres, Dr. Stuermer contends that Enver and, still more, Talaat, who was principally responsible, "had no other choice than to follow Germany's lead unconditionally." He maintains that another hour of the Anafarta battle might have won us Constantinople and he insists that Abdul Hamid, "that much-maligned and dethroned Sultan, towers head and shoulders above all the Young Turks put together in practical intelligence and statesmanly skill, and would never have committed the unpardonable error of throwing in his lot with Germany in the war, and so bringing about the certain downfall of Turkey." He has a contempt for Djemal Pasha, and regards Enver as "one of the most repugnant subjects ever produced by Turkey," though he holds that "Enver's removal would not alter the whole Young Turkish régime much, but would take from it much of its ruthless barbarity." Altogether the German author is far more violent in his denunciation of our enemies than is the one who was a neutral; but both books are worth reading, if only due allowance is made for the circumstances in which they were written.

NONSENSE FOR NOTHING.

The problem of the patriot's holiday at present is to preserve the old extravagance of spirit without the old extravagance of expenditure. In a new and nobler sense our jokes must be cheap jokes; but I do not think that even practical jokes need be inconsistent with practical housekeeping. This may only mean, as the fanciful might suggest, that anybody who has hitherto enjoyed making a butter slide should now confine himself to making a margarine slide. My meaning is not quite so crude or literal; and a better illustration of it is almost before my eyes as I write. With no luxuriant loss of butter, or even of the very cheapest margarine, boys have made a slide a few yards beyond my own garden gate, in a landscape already sealed with silver and yet gilt by the sun as with gold, or rather (what is far more glorious) with copper. They are rushing down it, rigid, with arms spread like wings, in an ecstasy which I well remember to have had in it something more splendid than swimming, and a wild prophecy of aviation. This is the sort of benevolent butter slide to be made not for an enemy but for a friend, and almost for a lover; yet the sliding boy is here as strictly economical as the Economic Man. Ice may seem sometimes to be as rare as diamonds; but even if it is exceptional it is not expensive. These glorified gutter-snipes do not pay a penny for the ice, however many pennies they may have paid for ices. Ice is a jewel too priceless to be costly; it is as cheap as the universe; as the bleak blue sky or the crystal intoxicant of the cold.

For surely there could be no more strictly economical act than to go skating without skates. I sincerely wish there were some poor man's

equivalent, that should be to all our sports exactly what sliding is to skating. I wish it were possible to go cricketing without cricket bats, or tennis-playing without tennis racquets, or golfing without golf clubs, or let us say (as a concession to humanity) with only some eight or ten golf clubs per man. In the same manner it were needless to insist on the superiority of the snowball to the football; especially as the football can only pass to and fro in a restricted circle of recognized experts, hardly larger than the clique that governs England; whereas the snowball can fly everywhere on the wings of fancy, of selection or even of satire; can alight like the white dove of peace upon the hat of a bellicose Major; or can appear suddenly, like the silver star of some splendid military decoration, upon the coat of a Conscientious Objector. In this operation there is literally no initial expense; the payment (if any) generally occurs afterwards. While in the other case, the ordinary individual must first deprive himself of a considerable sum in order to purchase a large leather football; and even then there are all sorts of intermediate steps, interruptions and fussy formalities before he becomes a first class professional football-player and makes a large income. In the strict point of saving and sparing, therefore, I think there can be no doubt of the advantage; but even by the old test of exhilaration I think the same advantage still holds. I should be disposed to maintain, as a philosophic generalization, that the pleasure in the fantastic, in fancies as opposed to fashions, can commonly be as cheap as sliding or snowballing. I have been accused of standing on my head (I mean in theory) and certainly I should always think it less foolish

to stand on my head than to stand on my dignity. But even standing on one's head, not in theory but in practice, would at least be an economical, because a self-sufficing and perhaps even a solitary amusement; at any rate the clubs formed for it would probably be few and select. No one could accuse it of an unpatriotic profligacy of expenditure; it might even be maintained to involve a saving in boots. But although I may appear to express myself with a certain playfulness (as the man in Stevenson says when he is packing the corpse up in the trunk) my intention is entirely serious. It is too little realized that fun as well as philosophy is a mental and not a material thing; that the comparative independence of externals, which is admittedly a part of the stoic, can also be a part of the comic spirit. It is thought natural that the poet, contemplating the exaltation of the skylark, should speak of its scorn of all the entanglements of earth; but it is too little understood that the same thing can occur in the human habit of skylarking. It is assumed that the sage may stick to plain living and high thinking; it is forgotten that there is a parallel possibility of combining plain living with high jinks.

For the truth is that gaiety is the very opposite of thoughtlessness. At
The New Witness.

its best it makes a great demand on thought; and therefore is far from inconsistent with a considerable demand on thrift. And there is no better example of it than the most unique and typical of the old winter games and ceremonies. The best of these had one essential mark which implies the very opposite of idleness; they were home-made. And home-made things can have one quality which is almost entirely absent from the apparatus of sport or pleasure which the public has hitherto purchased in shops. The unique sign of such domesticity is originality. As I say, I am entirely serious; and I seriously suggest that, in the conjunction of this season with this epoch, we should pride ourselves primarily on making things rather than buying them. If we can do little, let us at least do it, and not pay factories and shops to do it; and let us, if necessary, be glad of the grotesque character of the result. Let us learn to make anything out of anything, especially out of anything useless. Presents are often called rubbish; and in this case we must be proud of producing them from rubbish. Jokes are often called rubbish, and in this case the rubbish will be the joke. If we can produce as much nonsense as possible, we shall still have combined pleasure and duty.

G. K. Chesterton.

COMMUNAL KITCHENS AND THE BIRTH RATE.

Several months ago I here discussed, under the title "Housing and Homing," an important factor of what may be called the certainly morbid part of the falling birth-rate. The evidence that our housing accommodation is in itself of a nature inimical to the birth-rate is universal and indisputable. It applies to big cities, little towns, rural districts. It affects the middle-classes as

well as the artisan class. The evidence accumulated and discussed upon the National Birth-rate Commission is, unfortunately, in no need of any qualification by anything that has been done since we reported in 1916. Our report and the needs of childhood might be entirely non-existent for any evidence to the contrary, either in what we are doing or what is pro-

jected. Housing, yes, but homing, never! The reason, of course, is economic. No matter who is behind the new building, this factor determines its type. Guinness and Peabody buildings, municipal enterprises, private enterprise, the efforts of the State at Rosyth or elsewhere—one and all concern themselves with provision for adults, simply because provision for children does not pay. In this sense, be it observed, no service to the future pays; no sacrifice of the present, no maternal pang, nothing that maintains our race can be said to pay.

But when the nation as a whole takes up the question of housing we might expect a further-sighted view to prevail. We do spend money on the future, as, for instance, in education, because we admit that, on the whole, to provide for its continuance is the duty of any nation; therefore we may perhaps now begin to consider the propriety of building houses where there is room for children, and which women may thus turn into homes for the young future. Quite apart from these biological or patriotic considerations there is an economic possibility.

Is it not possible to clean the slate and ask ourselves what kind of house we want to build for the family of the future? In all the many discussions of this subject hitherto the perpetuation of all the old features is taken for granted. Things are to be better, airier, cleaner, less unpleasant to look at, but nothing resembling a change of type is contemplated. According to some authorities, women are to be called in at the last, when all essentials have been decided, in order to state their views on cupboards and larders and so forth. In short, the woman's problem—for housing is that if it is anything—is to be solved by men.

How they are likely to solve it might be guessed by anyone who

happened to be present at a recent Conference at Grosvenor House, where representatives of male municipal wisdom were assembled to consult with Sir Arthur Yapp on the matter of Communal Kitchens. The hope was that local activity might be started in order to provide Communal Kitchens for the various purposes which they serve. Amongst those purposes we will remember our economy of food, fuel, transport, and labor. Further, they mean hot meals on her return home for the woman who works outside as well as within it, and hot meals for the children without prejudice to the mother's work. Let us ask ourselves what proportion of the average working woman's energy is spent upon the purchase, carriage, cooking of food, and we soon discover that hosts of women would be released from something scarcely less than slavery if they could be relieved of the greater part of these duties. The communal kitchen would do so. It is a war measure; but, like a great many other war measures, it would, and will, be of no less, though less urgent, value as a peace measure. Observe now the male verdict expressed on behalf of various municipalities concerning these proposals of Lord Rhondda and Sir Arthur Yapp. They may be summed up in the indignant question: If we are to have this thing forced upon us as a war necessity in such-and-such a poor district of London, have we any guarantee that there is to be fair play all round, and that the Ministry of Food will establish a communal kitchen in the neighborhood of Park Lane and Grosvenor House? This is an example of the way in which men, totally and perfectly ignorant, speak for women on a women's matter.

The obvious reply was, of course, that, as I pointed out several months ago elsewhere, the communal kitchen provides for the working classes just

what the idling classes provide for themselves—if and when they have money enough. The typical, modern, expensive, completely equipped block of “mansions” in London today has a common kitchen and restaurant, whereas the individual suites of flats are without a kitchen altogether. The other day we were told that people of moderate means in Wimbledon are clubbing together to provide themselves with a similar blessing on their own account. What do men mean by talking such unutterable rubbish as that quoted above? Where have they been all their lives; who on earth elected them to speak or act for any public purpose, and why; and how many Burgomasters could be found in Germany thus qualified for their task? The truth is that we are such an uneducated people that not one in ten thousand of us so much as knows whether or not he does know anything on any subject put before him.

Years ago at Garden City, Letchworth, Mr. Ebenezer Howard, its pioneer, entertained me at Holmesgarth, which I here cite as at least the prototype, if not the model, of the thing I have in my mind. It is a well-devised architectural plan, accommodating many families, not one above the other—as in mansions—but side by side, with a central kitchen and restaurant accessible under cover for all. There, as in the most expensive London suites, the individual kitchen is disposed of. The enormous practical advantages of the communal kitchen in this particular seem hitherto, however, to have been recognized and published by only three men—Mr. Howard, Mr. Edmund J. Smith (of Bradford, in a recent admirable address which even extended his many services to mothers and children in that city), and the present writer.

Women, however, would pronounce

for the next move not in units, but in millions. Before we decide upon the type of the 300,000 houses we propose to build as soon as possible, let us call in women in the first place and ask them not “Do you want cupboards?” which, of course, they do, but “Do you want kitchens?” which, for the most part, directly they know what we mean, of course they do not.

In short, I suggest that we now have an unprecedented opportunity for making a great forward move in our national housing. Whilst others must think of the present—economy of food and women’s labor and so forth—I am thinking of the future. To include the communal kitchen as an integral part of our new housing will be to serve the birth-rate, and the lives of those born, in two distinct and valuable ways.

First, not even a woman can eat her cake and have it. The more of her physiological income she spends on external work the less she has for internal work. This is a necessary truth, which we fail to perceive because a woman’s latent resources are so immense and she draws upon them when she must. But she does not abrogate the law of the conservation of energy nor one of its necessary consequences, which Spencer called the principle of “Individuation versus Genesis,” and which Geddes and Thomson have recognized in the preponderance of anabolism over katabolism in the female—that is, the natural or maternal female—as compared with the male. Every device that lessens the external burden gives a better chance to the supreme burdens of gestation and lactation.

Second, if by practically abolishing the private kitchen we can save one room per house, we practically resolve my old antithesis between “housing and homing.” We save at least one room per home for fine children

instead of poor cooking, and we largely abolish that factor of the falling birth-rate which consists in the absence of house-room for the nation's children.

The Committee of Architects (all male), which has been appointed to solve what is so very much more than an architectural or male problem, does
The New Statesman.

not appear to have thought fit to hear evidence on my proposal, authorized though it be by three years' work upon the Birth-rate Commission; but perhaps women may come into their own just in time to make possible the very substantial piece of social reconstruction or evolution which, I submit, is embodied in my proposal.

Lens.

WARTIME FINANCE.

STATE CONTROL OF COAL MINES.

The coal-mining industry of the United Kingdom is the product of the enterprise of individuals. There are few more hazardous employments of capital and labor in the country. It is estimated that at the present moment there is at least between £150,000,000 and £170,000,000 invested in the mines and quarries of the United Kingdom. This estimate, however, is based on the assumption that the amount of capital represented by each ton of coal produced is 10s. to 12s. It therefore ignores what has been sunk fruitlessly in the search for coal. What that sum would amount to if ascertained it is difficult to say; but the histories of collieries that are now at work prove that the amount of capital sacrificed in unsuccessful coal-mining enterprise is colossal. But failures have not prevented enterprise. The hope of gains in excess of those obtainable on more secure investments has been sufficient to attract capital, and the great industry which before the war yielded an annual production of upwards of 270 million tons per annum is the result of individualistic effort.

In the Government Bill for the compensation of collieries under State control this vital fact is ignored. The diversities in local conditions and in trading conditions and markets are

largely disregarded. The whole industry is treated as one unit. The more fortunate collieries are to be called upon to assist those less favorably situated, and the conditions of control are so exacting as to have the probable effect of restricting private enterprise to a minimum if they do not destroy it altogether. The representatives of the coal-owners have had a tough struggle with the Controller of Coal Mines and the Government over the grave issues that are involved in the Government Bill. They have pointed out the flaws in the scheme of control, how unequal it must be in its incidence, and how seriously it imperils the future working of a considerable number of mines; but they have only been able to obtain amendments of some of the details of the measure, and it is because many of the owners dispute the legal right of the Controller to carry out what some of them describe as a policy of confiscation that the Government has been compelled to go to Parliament for the necessary powers to give statutory effect to its proposals.

There is a history to the Bill, and the main points in that history may be indicated. The South Wales coal mines, it will be recalled, were brought under the control of the State when the Asquith Coalition Government was still in power. The South Wales miners, in November, 1916, were

threatening a strike on a wage question, and an Order in Council proclaiming the mines in the possession of the Board of Trade was one of the consequences of that crisis. The Order became operative as from November 29. Nationalization was one of the prominent planks in the program of Mr. Lloyd George when he superseded Mr. Asquith, and on February 22 all the other coal mines of the country were brought under the control of the State and the administrative direction of Mr. Guy Calthrop. In March last the Executive Council of the Mining Association of Great Britain appointed a Consultative Committee to negotiate with the Controller upon the terms of compensation, but Mr. Calthrop and his advisers were already engaged on that task, and by June 12, after constant negotiations, a provisional agreement had been arrived at between the Committee and the Controller and approved by the Government. That agreement was communicated to the Chairmen of Colliery Companies under Defense of the Realm threats against the disclosure of any of its details, and with an intimation from the Mining Association of Great Britain that it had either to be accepted or rejected as it stood. The Committee recommended its acceptance. The alternatives were that the Controller himself should make such order as he deemed necessary, or that the matter should be dealt with by Parliament, and the Committee preferred the agreement to the adoption of either of these courses, having formed the conclusion that they had secured the best terms it was possible to obtain. From the various coal fields the agreement was sent back to the Mining Association with an instruction to obtain further amendments; some of these were agreed to by the Controller; and on July 20 the agreement was signed in its final form by

Mr. Calthrop, by Mr. Adam Nimmo (President of the Mining Association of Great Britain), and by Mr. Reginald Guthrie (Secretary of the Coalowners' Consultative Committee). The Mining Association, however, had no power to bind any colliery owner; some of these took counsel's opinion and refused to give their voluntary assent to the agreement.

Briefly, the main provisions of the Bill are the following: Under the present Finance Act the State takes 80 per cent of the profits in excess of those made in the two best of the last three pre-war years, or above 9 per cent of the capital employed. The new scheme deprives owners of these statutory rights. It does away altogether with the percentage standard. Output is made the chief determining factor in the regulation of the profits to be retained by the coal-owner. The production of a colliery working under normal conditions during the two pre-war years, which has already been adopted under the Finance Act for the purposes of the Excess Profits Duty, is adopted as the standard output. If that output is maintained in any accounting period under the new Bill, the colliery owner will be guaranteed a profit equal to the average profit made in the standard period, whether he makes it or not. If his trading profits in the accounting period are greater than those in the standard period, the Treasury will take its 80 per cent of the difference under the authority of the Finance Act, the Controller will retain 15 per cent of it in order to create a fund for the compensation of the less fortunate collieries and the administration of his Department, and the coal-owner will be allowed to retain 5 per cent of the excess. Thus a colliery company with a profits standard of £50,000 will, if it maintain its standard output, continue to receive £50,000; if such company make, say, £70,000,

it will be permitted, generally speaking, to retain only 5 per cent of the extra £20,000, that is to say, £1,000, plus the statutory £200, or £51,200 in all; but in no case shall the retainable profits exceed five-sixths of the profits standard. In that illustration the scheme is to be seen at its best, and, under the conditions, it is not unreasonable.

The London Post.

BRITISH RAILWAYS IN MEXICO.

Notwithstanding the promise of better times in Mexico, there seems but scanty hope of any amelioration in the present anomalous position of foreign holders of railway securities. Information is to hand from a reliable source that the Carranza Administration, so far from having abandoned its hostility to the British-owned railways, have, under the guise of "a revision of the laws and regulations of the railroads," and in accordance with the recommendations of the Commission appointed by the Secretary of Communications and Public Works, decided to withdraw every kind of subvention hitherto enjoyed by the railroads under long-existent guarantees, and at the same time to impose certain new regulations and restrictions framed entirely in favor of the National Treasury and the traveling public, but destined to act prejudicially to the companies. It is necessary to remember that in spite of the solemn promise made by President Carranza on April 27th last to restore to the

The Economist.

Mexican Railway Company the line which was taken from it in November, 1914, the railway—excepting for the few weeks between September 1, 1916, and March 31, 1917—has remained in the hands of the Government. For the month of July last \$300,000 in Mexican gold coin was paid into the National Treasury on account of freights and passenger receipts of the Mexican Railway Company. Even when the system is again restored to its proper owners, it will require an outlay of £2,000,000 or more to restore the line to its former excellent physical condition. A number of the more costly of the bridges will have to be wholly or partly rebuilt. Meanwhile, the prospects of the bondholders of the National Railways appear to be no better, while, lately, under the plea of "military necessity," a very elastic term as construed by a Latin-American Government, the Tehuantepec and the Vera Cruz and Pacific railways have been seized; the Interoceanic (Acapulco to Vera Cruz) has been practically destroyed, and, in conjunction with its leased lines (the Mexican Eastern and the Mexican Southern) cannot meet its obligations upon either the 4 per cent debentures or the 4 1-2 per cent second debentures; while the Vera Cruz Terminal Company, for connected causes, has been in default upon its debentures (guaranteed conjointly by the Mexican Railway Company, the Interoceanic, the Vera Cruz, and the Vera Cruz and Pacific Companies) since July, 1915.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The plan followed by Frank H. Vizetelly, Editor of "The Soldiers' Service Dictionary of English and French Words and Phrases" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), is admirably adapted for quick use by American soldiers in

France, and fully justifies the description "A Short Cut to French." It contains more than ten thousand familiar French phrases, with a vocabulary arranged in alphabetical order, so that whoever wishes to use a phrase

has only to look up the principal English word to find the phrase itself, with the proper pronunciation clearly indicated. Compact arrangement, and the use of small but clear type have made it possible to reduce the volume to convenient pocket size.

The Page Company publish a third volume of their "Cheerful" books by Margaret R. Piper which have proved so popular with young people. The title of this one is "Sylvia Arden Decides." It takes the delightful Sylvia a long time to decide, however, and even the reader is not let into her secret until the very end of the book. If lovers of the "Cheerful" books fear that this must be the last because Sylvia has made her choice, there should be comfort for them in the fact that one of her interesting friends is left with her career still unsettled, and there is enough left untold about all the characters to kindle hope that this volume is not the last.

"The Little Theater in the United States" by Constance D'Arcy Mackay gives a complete survey of the Little Theater movement in this country. It tells of the origin and rise of the movement in other countries and of the first stages of its development here. The principal Little Theaters of all parts of the country are described, and their most successful repertoires given. Laboratory theaters are also given space and attention and a special chapter deals with the little country theaters, a most interesting feature of the movement. Not only informative but practical, and full of suggestions for any community which wishes to start a Little Theater of its own, the book tells much about the cost of maintaining such an organization, knowledge gained by actual experience. The book is well illustrated and is furnished with an unusually complete index which makes

it useful for reference. In short, it is as satisfactory a treatment of its very interesting subject as could well be. Henry Holt and Co.

We are, by reason of its constant repetition in fiction at least, familiar with the case of a man absorbed in business cares to such an extent that he comes to regard his home merely as a place where he recuperates for another day's activities, and whose wife becomes tired of neglect and finds other interests; but in Edith Barnard Delano's new book, "Tomorrow Morning," the tables are turned and it is a woman of the finest "new" type, in fact a "new Eve" as the author calls her, whose time is so taken up with uplift movements of benefit to the community at large that she overlooks the fact that her husband is the "same old Adam" until an alarming situation develops in her own household. The story moves along with charm and grace and the reader does not all at once become aware of the moral which is being subtly worked in. The humor is delicious, and the "new Eve" is a character who has wit enough to turn threatening defeat into a victory as amusing and satisfactory as it is complete. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Carl W. Ackerman has had unusual opportunities to test the spirit of Germany during this world-war. When the blockade of England was announced in February, 1915, he was asked to go to London where he remained a month and then hurried to Berlin as correspondent for the United Press within the Central Powers. He met everybody worth meeting, saw everything worth seeing, gained possession of numberless state papers and promulgations hitherto unpublished, and heaps the whole into his crowded volume "Germany the Next Republic." The title has but little to do with the book, which is practically a glimpse

of the hearts of the Germanic peoples during the slow extermination of their hopes, taken by a man honestly anxious to tell the exact truth and skilled in newspaper reporting. The author worships before one divinity—President Wilson. He loathes the Kaiser and his circle with a bitter hatred. Even more absorbing than the extracts and papers he presents are the German cartoons with which he illustrates his pages. George H. Doran Company.

Written with a serious, almost solemn purpose to protest against the common mode of "English-as-she-is-taught" in the High Schools and Colleges of America, the sense of comedy ever lurking behind his view of things pedagogical, gives to "The Well of English and the Bucket" by Burgess Johnson a tang of intense interest for the ordinary reader. The matter is presented in the form of seven essays; but the preachment is the same. Some excerpts from the grammars current in the schools, addressed to children of eleven and twelve, are so erudite in thought, so Johnsonese in phraseology, that the mere presentation of them on the page, minus their awesome context, is funnier than many a leaf of "Life." Prof. Johnson has an interesting scheme of his own, based on the teaching a reporter gets in a newspaper office which works well in his own hands evidently; but he is personality plus—genius. Whether it is possible to the ordinary, unimaginative teacher of English is another story—perhaps. Anyhow he cannot quite have preached in vain. Some instructors must look at themselves in the glass of his humor, see themselves in all their impossibilities for the childish mind, and amend their absurdities of speech and manner. An excellent, sound, instructive, amusing book. Little, Brown and Co.

"Paradise Auction" by Nalbro Bartley is one of the most human novels

that have appeared for a long time. The meaning of the title is made clear by the following quotation, which establishes the keynote of the whole book: "Life is a Paradise Auction with every one of us bidding for happiness at any cost." Those who bid for happiness here, especially, are a set of young people who have grown up together under almost ideal conditions, and two outsiders; one an absolutely selfish young woman who marries the most promising and tenderly reared youth of this little circle, and the other a millionaire who has achieved for himself everything but personal happiness and who falls in love with the wife of a young architect who has met with a cruel accident resulting in complete invalidism. So we have the intimate problems of two families to follow and their affairs are most absorbing. The characterization is most unusual, every person in the story seems an actual living being. The question of divorce is worked out in a manner inspired by the highest standards. In fact the book is a fine blending of realism and idealism. Small, Maynard & Co.

The lines of Henley's poem,

When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a Christian slave,

form the inspiration of a thrilling tale by Burton E. Stevenson, entitled "A King in Babylon." A moving picture company on the verge of failure and in search of the perfect production goes into the desert in Egypt to stage a play based upon Henley's poem. The leading man and hero of the company is an Irishman, born in New Jersey, who has always been noted for a peculiarly un-American appearance and for affections absolutely untouched by the other sex. The leading lady is one whom the company takes on board ship at Marseilles, a French motion picture actress who has been selected for her

Oriental appearance. Most happily the production is to be staged on an oasis in the desert where actual excavations have been taking place under the direction of an archæologist, and where continued excavations have an important part in the play. It would be a pity indeed to "give away" anything of Mr. Stevenson's climax, therefore suffice it to say that the theory of elective affinities and souls who live again in renewed bodies is so cleverly substantiated by the facts of the story that the bewildered reader scarcely knows what he believes or what the author intends him to believe, but he is highly entertained and diverted. Small, Maynard and Co.

Dr. Ervin Chapman's two-volume work, "Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln and War-Time Memories" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) comes as a surprise, and a very welcome surprise. It is not, in the ordinary sense, a biography, but it supplements existing biographies, fills gaps in them, and, which is more important, corrects many errors and mis-statements in them. It could not have been anticipated that, fifty-three years after Lincoln's death, we should be given fresh and contemporary testimony regarding his personality, his character and his public career; yet that is what we have in this work. Dr. Chapman, then twenty-two years old, threw himself with great energy into the first Lincoln campaign; and, after his election, held an official position at Washington, which gave him an intimate knowledge of what went on at the White House and at the Capitol. Adding to his own recollections all the data obtainable from every source, he has been busy for more than fifty years in collecting the material which has gone to the making of the present work. Even as to Lincoln's personal appearance, a matter recently brought

under new discussion, and about which there has been much misapprehension, Dr. Chapman re-enforces his own recollections with contemporary judgments, and with ten or twelve authoritative portraits. As to opinions, beliefs and traits of character, his corrections are more important. Of all the Lincoln biographies, that written by William H. Herndon, his law partner, is most malignant in its misrepresentations. Beginning with a wholly groundless calumny as to his parentage, and continuing with an equally groundless description of him as an unbeliever, Herndon became the source of many statements, often quoted and widely believed, which can hardly be explained except as deliberate and mischievous misrepresentations. Dr. Chapman furnishes ample evidence to prove their falsity. Lincoln was not only deeply and sincerely religious, but he was far in advance of many of the good men of his time in his attitude toward temperance. He was a life-long total abstainer; and in his early, struggling years, when he was trying to get a foothold in business, the fact that his partner in the little grocery store at New Salem insisted on adding whiskey to the stock in order to draw in custom, led Lincoln to break the partnership and go out of the business. Upon many matters of public interest also—notably the little-understood Jaquess-Gilmore peace mission of 1863 and 1864,—Dr. Chapman is able to throw new light. One chapter is devoted to Lincoln anecdotes, many of which are new; and another to passages from the diary of Lincoln's pastor at Washington, Dr. Gurley, which have not before been published. There are fifty or more illustrations, reproduced from paintings and photographs. Among them is one which shows the author, in his buoyant youth, as he appeared on the stump for Lincoln, in 1860.